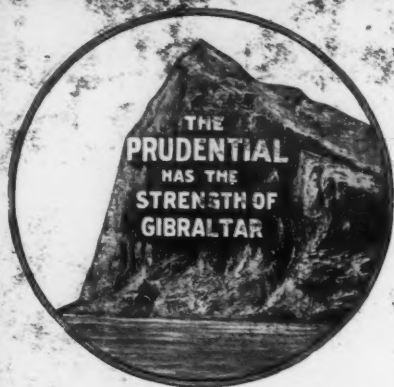


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY





LIKE AN OPEN BOOK

The Wonderful History of

The Prudential

has been read and re-read by millions. The progress of this Life Insurance Company has been due to

Careful, Conservative Management

A Progressive Policy

Just and Liberal Treatment of Policyholders

Absolute Fidelity to its Trusts

Perfect Fulfilment of Obligations

This is the Company for you to insure in. Through its Profit-sharing Life Insurance Policies, from \$15 to \$100,000, you are afforded an opportunity to choose a plan exactly adapted in cost and benefits to your needs and conditions.

WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION, DEPT. Y

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a stock company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

Plan to spend your vacation on

The Pacific Coast

Now is the time for you to plan how you will spend your Summer vacation. Don't wait until you are ready to go, but have your plans all made in advance.

You could not take any trip that will be more enjoyable, more delightful or more instructive, than one to the glorious Pacific Coast. You will thoroughly enjoy the scenes and incidents of such a tour at the time, and you will live them over again in happy memory for years to come.

You have never realized the magnitude, the commercial possibilities and the great business and social opportunities that exist in this wonderful Western country. A tour through this rapidly developing section of the United States will open up to you new possibilities, new aims and new ambitions. Now is the time to make such a trip while you can take advantage of the



Sweeping Reduction in the Cost of Tickets

Just think of starting, say from Chicago, over the Burlington Railroad, up the scenic Mississippi River line, to St. Paul and Minneapolis, the wonder cities of the great Northwest; from there with perhaps a side trip to the Yellowstone Park, the grandest national park in all the world, with its magnificent scenery, wonderful colorings and its mammoth geysers; to the great Puget Sound country—Seattle, Tacoma, Portland—with another side trip to the beautiful and picturesque Columbia River; then south through the noted Shasta region to San Francisco, and from there through the grand Old Mission country to Los Angeles, the garden spot of America; from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City, the home of the Mormons; from there through the magnificent scenic gorges of Colorado's Mountains to Denver; and from Denver back to Chicago over the Burlington Route; or from Los Angeles through the Southern territory, with a side trip to the Grand Canon, and back to Denver and Chicago.

The cost of this Grand Tour, for a round trip ticket from Chicago, is only \$88.50; from St. Louis only \$82.50; exclusive of side trips; other points proportionately low.

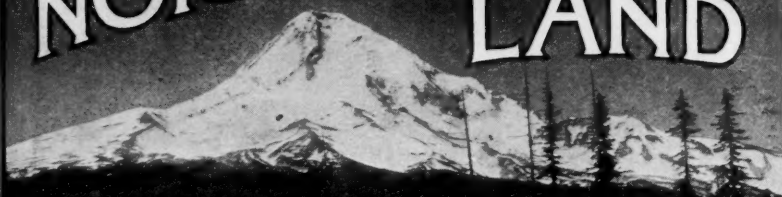
This is only one of several equally delightful Pacific Coast Tours that can be made for as little as \$62.50, or \$75.00, every one of which will stand out in memory as the trip of a lifetime.

Write today and let me send you a handsome new book on "Pacific Coast Tours," that will tell you all about the different trips, what you can see, where you can go, and how inexpensively the journey can be made.

P. S. Eustis, 344 "Q" Building, Chicago



The NORTH-COAST LAND



Mt. Hood

Travel to the North Pacific Coast, a country rich in scenic grandeur and unsurpassed in its commercial and agricultural possibilities, has for many seasons been an object of improvement and development, but on no train has really perfect service so closely been approached as on

THE PIONEER LIMITED

of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

A trip on this famous train is truly a revelation of what invention can devise for the comfort and convenience of the traveler.

The Pioneer Limited is composed exclusively of electric-lighted equipment (individual reading lamps in each berth and compartment), with buffet smoking-library car, standard sleeping cars, compartment cars, dining car, and coaches. The Pioneer Limited leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, at 6:30 P.M. daily. Arrives St. Paul 7:25 A.M. and Minneapolis 8 A.M. the next day, making direct connections with northern transcontinental trains.

Low round trip rates, after June 1, from Chicago—\$65 to and through Yellowstone Park (with hotel accommodations for five and a half days, \$85); to Seattle, Portland or Tacoma, \$75. Liberal return limits and stopover privileges. Descriptive literature upon application to F. A. Miller, G. P. A., Chicago, or W. S. Howell, 381 Broadway, N. Y.

THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

Are now about the most central of all the great resorts. They have through Pullman sleeping cars from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo and Niagara Falls via the



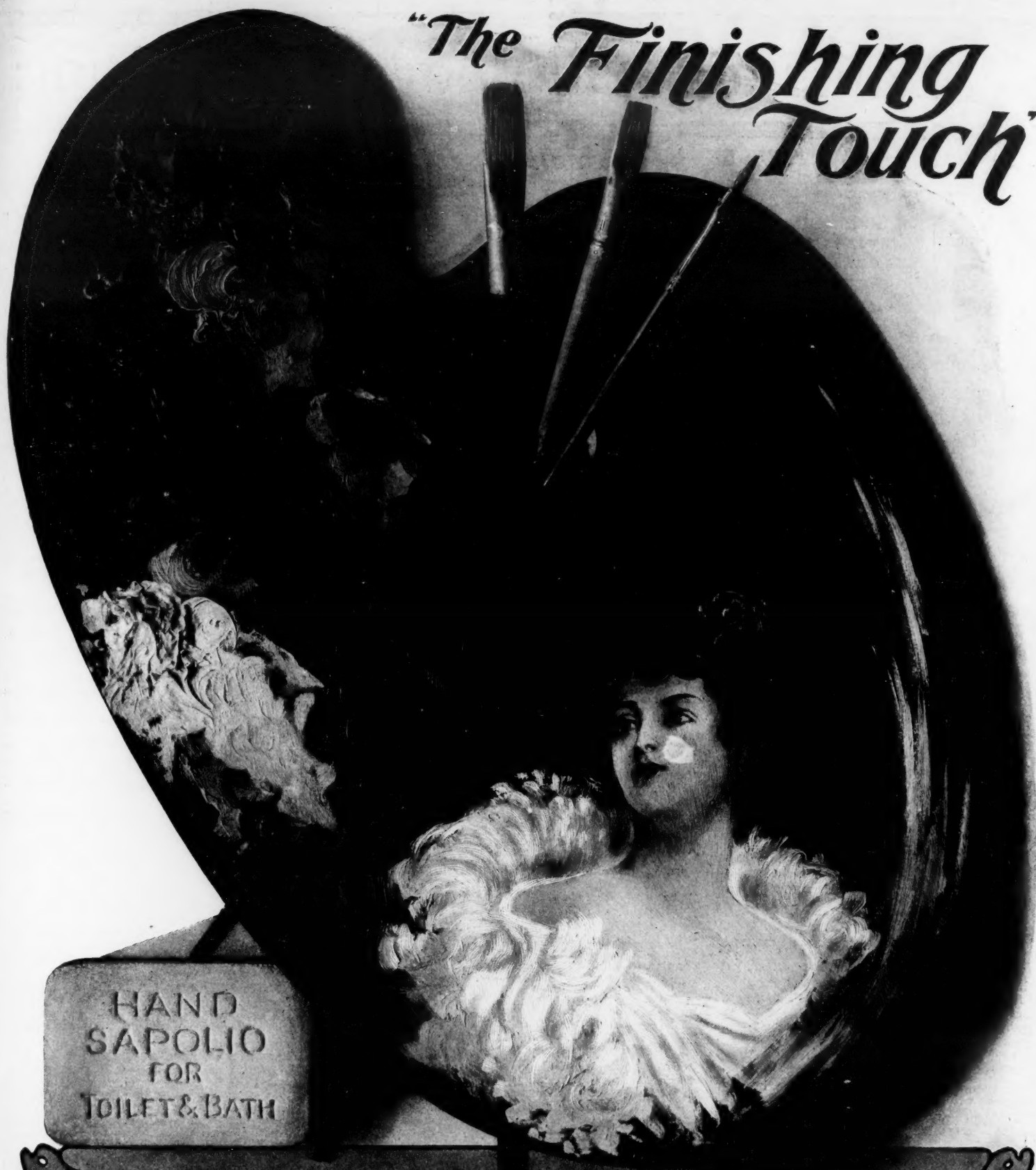
A night's ride takes you from any of these places to the center of the mountains in time for breakfast next morning.

For a copy of "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them," which is No. 20 of the New York Central Lines' "Four-Track Series," containing a fine map of the Adirondack Mountains and adjacent territory, with useful information in regard to hotels, camps, lakes, rivers, etc., send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, Manager General Advertising Department, Room 185, Grand Central Station, New York.

C. F. DALY
Passenger Traffic Manager
New York

W. J. LYNCH
Passenger Traffic Manager
Chicago

"The Finishing Touch"



"Beauty?" said Aristotle, when asked what it was—"That is a question which we may leave to the blind." The question can be left with any one, for it is both seen and felt when the work is left with

HAND SAPOLIO

for it develops both the tint and the texture of the skin. It gives quality as well as color, and art instead of artifice. A thousand soaps, and you still need the unique action of Hand Sapolio to remove the dead skin of an outgrown complexion and to liberate the new. Hand Sapolio gives more than cleansing; it gives energy and vim and circulation. It is called "the soap with life in it." No animal fats, but pure vegetable oils combined with the cake so that

The Texture of the Soap Helps the Texture of the Skin



Talks on Outdoor Advertising

The Blacksmith's Anvil Cannot Sound Grand Opera

MR. Outdoor Advertiser, let's talk common sense.

The space you are using on billboards and in street cars must either bring you a profit or net you a loss.

That's a self-evident fact.

You cannot afford to consider it with the idea of "furthering art for art's sake."

It's a merchandise proposition, pure and simple.

Yet most posters and car cards—in fact 99% of all posters and car cards—are prepared by color printers whose only knowledge of selling force lies in producing sketches to sell to you, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser.

This color printer is interested solely and entirely in his own work and in producing something so artistic, so finely finished and so perfect in technique that it will "Please the man who pays the bill"—and that's you—irrespective of whether it will induce people to buy your goods or not.

He knows, even if you do not tell him, that he is working in competition with other color printers and that to secure the order he must primarily submit a design to please the eye of the man who decides.

The merchandising element does not enter into the transaction at any stage except so far as it concerns his selling you his merchandise.

If, by flattering your vanity, by touching upon the distinction of having your name attached to such work of art as he submits, he can induce you to accept a design containing seven or eight colors instead of two or three, all the better for him. He has accomplished the purpose for which he made the sketch—to sell his own goods.

Every extra color means so much more money in his pocket.

No blame can attach to the color printer for presenting the product of his skill as a colorist in its best light, or of making his sketches as elaborate as he can induce you to take.

He gives you honest value in color printing for your money and has a right to sell you as large a bill as he can. That is what he is in business for—to sell his goods—not yours.

But, though he gives you full value in color printing, how about the value of the design from the standpoint of advertising?

As wisely expect a typesetter or electrotype foundryman to prepare a business-bringing magazine or newspaper advertisement as to expect a color printer, skilled artist and artisan though he may be, to prepare a poster that will economically sell your merchandise.

Because salesmanship is based on thorough business knowledge, guided by valuable experience—not upon "artistic" genius directing skilled hands.

The nature of art work and the personality of the worker causes the artist in particular to be acknowledged generally as a poor business man.

On the other hand, it is true that in many instances these "artistically" prepared posters and street car cards—the product of "art" instead of advertising experience—have resulted in profitable returns—in traceable increase in sales for the product advertised.

But it is also a fact capable of demonstration that such "art" posters have sold goods in spite of the copy used to fill a certain space rather than because of it.

And because of the intrinsic value of the billboard space itself, many a posting campaign has been a success in spite of the "art" copy used to fill the space.

It can also be convincingly demonstrated that this same valuable space filled with sales producing copy focusing the vital selling points of your proposition in a few words with an appropriate illustration, would have been multiplied in value many times and thus your results in profits on the advertising increased proportionately.

Maximum results in advertising, however, can never come from mere "art" skill, no matter how great.

But a poster you say is designed principally to attract the attention, please the eye and give prominence to the name of your firm.

True, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser.

But the most important point of all you have overlooked.

If your poster or street car card is to reach the maximum of its effectiveness, it must also open the purses of those who read it and drive them into the stores to buy your goods.

Otherwise you are simply supporting art for art's sake and wasting money instead of investing it.

The great middle class—the buying class—are practical rather than aesthetic.

High art will not and does not loosen their purse strings when it requires studying or figuring to determine what is for sale, or for what purpose it is intended.

Take the case of Omega Oil.

You well remember their original poster—the boy, the geese and the bag of corn, with the words "Omega Oil" in the upper corner.

The color scheme was a symphony of harmonies, the composition beyond reproach, the technique perfect.

The work reflected great credit on the color printer who prepared it.

Its use also depleted the pocket book of "The man who paid the bill," it has been said, to the extent of \$140,000 before it was declared a failure and its use discontinued.

Then came a vital change in their copy, the necessity for which had been driven home at the price of thousands of dollars.

Their next poster copy told a story in each picture, instead of being merely a sacrifice on the altar of art.

The result is that the lost thousands were soon recovered after the new posters appeared.

The new copy—the bandaged arm with the words "Omega Oil for sprains and bruises"—the swollen leg being rubbed with "Omega Oil for Rheumatism" tells at a glance what is being sold, (with but few words to read) what it is for, and suggests relief from pain to those who suffer, in a manner that sent the people to the stores and opened their purses.

The millions in profits resulting from the sale of Cascarets were largely gained through the forceful posters with appropriate illustrations and the words "Cascarets—Best for the Bowels—They work while you Sleep."

Here again is condensed advertising—The whole story told in a nut shell. The name of the remedy, its purpose and the ease of its action—all told succinctly in one short sentence that drove the story straight to the mind of the reader.

Not merely the attracting of attention, you see, but the meat of your selling argument, freed from husks and shell until it is ready for sure and profitable digestion by the public—is the vital element in successful poster copy.

No color printer could originate such copy, however qualified mechanically and artistically he might be to interpret the selling idea once given to him, or how successful he might be in inducing you to buy the products of his brush.

The Impressario cannot perfectly render the opera Il Trovatore by means of the anvils alone, although the anvil plays an important part in its presentation.

For there is more to opera than mere sound.

Neither can mechanical nor "artistic" skill alone produce a poster or street car card which will economically sell goods any more than the mechanical skill of the electrotype foundryman alone can produce a magazine or newspaper advertisement which will clear the merchandise from your shelves.

The blacksmith's anvil cannot sound grand opera.

* * *

An advertising agency which devotes the greater share of its thought to copy is the logical place to look for selling force in poster and street car cards.

The business of the Advertising Agency is to economically sell the goods advertised by opening the purses of the masses through the use of printer's ink.

The more experienced the agency is in copy preparation and the greater the agency's ability to sell to the people through printer's ink, the greater

will be the returns and lower will be the cost of the returns to the man who pays the bills.

These are acknowledged facts, proved so thoroughly and convincingly that there is no room for argument.

This holds quite as true with regard to the production of poster and street car advertising as with regard to advertising which appears in publications of general circulation.

But it has also been demonstrated that many copy writers who can prepare successful copy for magazines and newspapers cannot successfully condense the selling arguments to such tabloid form as the demands of outdoor advertising require.

These two forms of advertising, to-wit—publication advertising and poster advertising—are as widely different as indoors from outdoors.—The methods as widely separated as selling goods over the counter and marketing them by mail.

With the single exception of Lord & Thomas no advertising agency in America is equipped with a separate and exclusive copy force trained in the production of posters and car cards designed to sell goods instead of to merely please the advertiser, with no result in view except an order for posting.

No other agency in America has had the courage or faith required to spend thousands of dollars in the equipment of a Special Organization devoted exclusively to the production of Posters and Car Cards which will market the most goods for the advertiser at the least advertising expense.

All other agencies either attempt to utilize their magazine and newspaper copy force in the preparation of poster copy and designs or submit to you the product of the same color printer to whom you might have gone in the first place without the agency's intervention—for it is not generally known that most agency posters are prepared both as to idea and design by color printers.

In either case you, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser, are being given a stone when you crave bread, and have no just cause for disappointment if your posting campaign fails to show the desired results in stimulated trade.

Lord & Thomas alone have had the temerity to step into the gap at an expense of over \$30,000 to give the same trained service on bill boards and street car advertising which is expected and demanded on advertisements which are to appear in general publications.

This has not been done hurriedly or carelessly. Quality of service and ability in the individual members of the staff has received sole consideration to the entire exclusion of cost.

It required over two years to secure the right men to be entrusted with this important department.

This trained service—the only exclusive specialized service of its kind in America—is at your command without added expense to you, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser, if you want it.

It will cost you no more to have your Posters and Car Cards prepared by Lord & Thomas' trained poster copy men than it does now to have them prepared by color printers.

Space on billboards or in street cars will cost you the same no matter from whom you buy it—whether from Lord & Thomas, or direct, or through any other authorized agency.

The Posting systems bear the expense of this service—not you. Because they recognize that in proportion as you succeed through Bill Board and Street Car advertising, to just that extent will it mean success for them.

Therefore, if Lord & Thomas look after your bill posting and street car work your space will cost you basically no more and no less than it does at present, but the space will be immeasurably increased in value and productiveness by being filled with sales producing copy.

If you are interested in Outdoor Advertising, or contemplate Outdoor work, or if you wish your Billboards and Street Car Space to bring you BETTER RETURNS, write us for our Book on Outdoor Advertising—which fully covers in detail every phase of this form of publicity. We are also about to issue a series of small books (cloth bound) covering advertising—newspaper, magazine and outdoor—in all its phases.

The value of the information and data this series contains cannot be measured by the price they were intended to sell at—\$4.00—but we will gladly send them free to any interested advertiser.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America

CHICAGO

Annual Volume Placed for Clients
Approaching \$4,000,000.00

NEW YORK

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.
If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, \$2.50, \$2.00. Boys' School and Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.75, \$1.50

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Ejectors used; they will not wear away. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 6, Brockton, Mass.

BUY FROM THE MANUFACTURER! CLASS PINS & BADGES

For Society or Lodge, College, School

Made as ordered in any way or material. Here is an illustration of how we can save you money. Either of the two styles here illustrated, enameled in one or two colors and showing any letters or numerals, but not more than shown in illustration.

Silver Plate, \$1 doz., Sample, 10c
Sterling Silver, \$2.50 doz., Sample, 25c
FREE—Our elaborate new catalog, telling all about other styles in gold and silver. Satisfaction guaranteed. Celluloid Buttons and Ribbon Badges, at right prices. Special designs and estimates free.
Bastian Bros., 217 So. Av., Rochester, N. Y.

Chicago Beach Hotel

(American and European Plan)

Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes

for Families, Tourists and Transient Guests. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure within ten minutes ride of city. Has 450 large outside rooms, 220 private baths, every convenience. Write for the best. Address for Ill. Booklet, Mgr. Box 20, Chicago Beach Hotel, 51st Blvd. & Lake Shore, Chicago.

Commencement Day

Exercises, Songs, Drills, Plays, Novel Entertainments, e. c., can be found in our CATALOG specially compiled for this purpose. It will be sent on request.

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY
FREE Crest Trading Co.
231 Witmark Bldg., N. Y.

MAKE MONEY EASY

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle.

AGENTS EARN \$75 to \$300 A MONTH (We show you how)

Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 40 Bar Street, CANTON, O.

THE LAW AT HOME

AS LINCOLN DID

The Home Law School Series
Now complete, prepares ambitious students for the Bar, any state; covers Theory & Practice authoritatively, simply. Marks an epoch. First few sets at SPECIAL PRICE. Write
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.
204 E. Madison Street, Chicago

PATENTS

64 PAGE BOOK FREE

This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.
MURRAY & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

100 Visiting Cards

Post Paid 50c

Also Business, Mourning, Birth, Fraternal, Professional and Embellished. We have cuts of trade-marks and emblems for all railroads, lodges and fraternal societies. Monogram Stationery. Wedding Invitations and Announcements. Samples Free.
E. J. Schuster Ptg. & Eng. Co., Dept. 5-E, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 5 cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.; and the International News Company, 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Yonge Street Arcade. Copyright 1906 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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NEW YORK SATURDAY MAY 19 1906

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Copyright 1906 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

EIGHTY per cent of the clothing offered you is made from mercerized cotton or other adulterated fabrics. Our label always means all-wool, and the style and hand-tailoring which go with it. Ask for our goods if you want cloth s-honesty; find our label as a sign of it: a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

DON'T SEND MONEY TRY CIGARS FIRST!

ROBERTS' Smoke Talks

This One Stands Fourth

TAMPA isn't as lively a town as New York or Pittsburgh, but it's a better place to buy cigars. Most Tampa cigars are made by Cubans, who know a cigar back and forth, in and out. Besides workmanship there is the matter of climate—mighty important, too.

The climate at Tampa is favorable for making cigars—favorable for keeping the leaf in proper condition, and it is a favorable place to buy cigars.

Our cigars are made of imported Havana tobacco, both wrapper and filler.

Buying at the factory is a pretty clever idea, provided the factory prices are not held up to protect the dealer.

You can buy cigars of us at 5% c. that would cost you 10c. after the jobber and retailer had taken toll, and you get them fresh.

Don't send us any money with your order. Write us today, using your business card or letter head, and ask us to send you 100 cigars. Tell us whether you want mild, medium or strong cigars, and don't send us a single penny with your order. We will send you the cigars and prepay the express charges.

Smoke ten of the cigars and then within ten days simply remit the price, \$5.50, or return the remaining ninety cigars at our expense.

Whatever happens, you win! Either you smoke ten cigars at our expense, or else you get good cigars at "post-cigar prices." "Do it now."

We are not a mere mail order house. We are manufacturers. If you question our responsibility look us up in Dun or Bradstreet.

J. W. Roberts & Son
Department "D," Tampa, Florida

Actual size, Roberts' Clear Havana Smoker

LEARN TO SWIM BY ONE TRIAL

Ayvad's Water-Wings

Price 25c and 35c

GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER

A person weighing from 50 to 250 lbs. can float on them without an effort. Inquire of any one who has used Ayvad's water wings and be convinced you can learn to swim the first day you are in the water. For those who can swim they furnish a source of amusement nothing can equal. Easily adjusted. Takes no more room than a pocket handkerchief. Sold by all leading Dry-goods, Sporting-goods houses and Druggists. Ordering from us direct, enclose price to Dept. B.

AYVAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Hoboken, N. J.

NOTE—Educational Dept. London County Council classified Water-Wings with books, etc., as necessary school supply.

MENNER'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNER COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES Stereopticons

You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfit and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. The field is large compared with the regular theater and lecture circuit, also local fields in churches.

Public Schools, Lodges, and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. Sent Free. CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 226 Dearborn Street, Dept. 168, CHICAGO, ILL.

BIG VALUE FOR 10 CENTS

20 Popular songs with words and music, 20 stories of adventure, 25 pictures of pretty girls, 20 New games for young folks, 25 pictures of the Presidents, 50 ways to make money, 1 great joke book, 1 Book on love and courtship, 1 Book on magic, 1 Book on letter writing, 1 Dream book & fortune teller, 1 Cook book, 1 Base ball book gives rules for all popular games, 100 Conundrums, 50 verses for Autograph albums. Cut this out and return to us with ten cents and we will send all the above by mail at once. J. H. PIKE, Box K So. Norwalk, Conn.

5



ADLER'S COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

deserve their position of prominence. We put THE STYLE into these garments and guarantee the QUALITY. We know that clothes of this type could not be had before we introduced Collegian fashions. If you are willing to pay anywhere from \$15.00 to \$30.00 for a suit or overcoat go to your dealer TODAY and ask for a COLLEGIAN. TRY IT ON. If you will but COMPARE these clothes with those you've previously bought you will say that the facts about Collegian styles have NEVER been overstated. Clothiers are now showing some rich Summer suits—blue serge, grey worsteds, and the like—\$15.00 to \$30.00



You'll soon be thinking of your Summer "Outing" Suit. Here is a picture of the Collegian single-breasted style, shoulder lined; made of ideal Summer fabrics, grey worsteds, cassimeres, and many others. DOUBLE-BREADED Outing Suits are popular this season. The blue serge or grey worsted of this Summer ought to attract you. Go to the Collegian store of your city and look at a suit. Prices from \$12.00 to \$30.00. Select your suit early. Good things will go first.

Write for the book of correct clothes for this season. Mailed free

David Adler & Sons
Clothing Co. Milwaukee
MAKERS OF NOBBY CLOTHES



To Upbuild the Pacific Coast States

THE Quoin Club of New York, an association of the leading periodicals of national circulation (reaching practically every intelligent English-speaking family in the United States and Canada), introduces Mr. Frederick E. Scotford, who will represent it on the Pacific Coast in a movement that is of the greatest importance to everyone interested in the upbuilding of the Pacific Coast States. He will co-operate with the various interests of the Coast in obtaining proper publicity for their communities and their industries among capitalists, settlers and tourists.

At this moment Mr. Scotford has offices in Seattle, but will go in person, or by letter, to any place on the Coast where a Chamber of Commerce or other organized body wishes to know how it can be benefited—as other cities and communities have been—by the aid of the magazines.

A Clearing-house of Information for the Pacific Coast.

In order to assure the greatest degree of helpfulness, through Mr. Scotford's work, the Quoin Club has undertaken to act as a clearing-house, putting everyone interested in close touch with reliable sources of information on all matters pertaining to the Pacific Coast States—their topographical and climatic advantages, business opportunities, etc.

Address all inquiries either to Mr. Scotford, 476 Arcade Building, Seattle, Washington, or to

SECRETARY
THE QUOIN CLUB
NEW YORK CITY

THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

No Honing—No Grinding

No new blades—no annual tax—the first purchase price is the only expense

There is only one razor of safety—the blade that shaves smoothly, easily, and without honing and grinding. The Carbo Magnetic is a razor that shaves best to-day, and better ten years from now.

If you will send us your dealer's name, and let us know whether he handles the Carbo Magnetic Razor, we will send you our booklet, "Hints on Shaving." Free, and also make you a proposition whereby you can test and use one of these razors without any risk or obligation on your part. The booklet illustrates the correct razor position for every part of the face, and gives much needed information to all self-shavers. The Carbo Magnetic Razor is sold by most good dealers. We back the guarantee. Send for book to-day.

Hollow Ground as in picture \$2.50	Double Concave for extra heavy beards \$3.00	Set of Two in Leather Case \$5.50	Carbo Magnetic Strop \$1.00 Strop-Aide, 25c.
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Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 449-450 Broadway, NEW YORK

TYPEWRITE your bills and add them, all on one machine.

Elliott-Fisher Combined Billing & Adding Machine.

Just inquire.

Elliott-Fisher Co.
Broadway at Worth St.

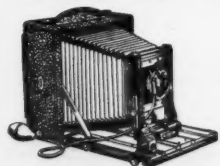


"The Eternal Question"

by GIBSON
50 CENTS

"The Eternal Question" is the most popular Gibson head ever drawn. It is now issued in a new way and sells for 50 cts. It is printed on the finest kind of water-color sketching bristol, dye-stamped and richly tinted, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect—all ready for hanging—no frame needed. Size 14 x 18 inches. Sent postpaid. It is the best picture on the market for 50 cts.

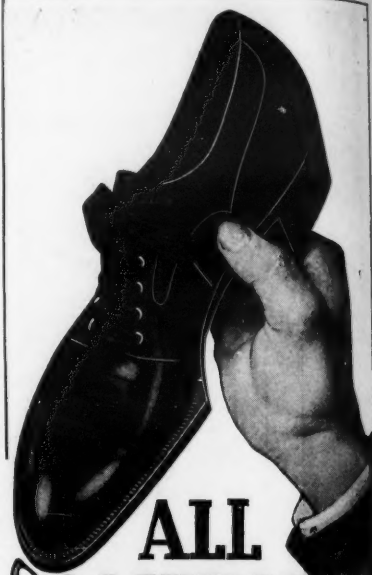
Address PROOF DEPT., 414 W. 13th St., New York City



Century Camera

Reputation is founded upon Quality. Our line for 1906 is the result of over 22 years experience in doing one thing well—making Cameras. New Catalogue, describing latest models varying from \$10.50 to \$150, may be obtained free by writing to Department C.

CENTURY CAMERA CO., Rochester, N. Y.



ALL AMERICA Shoes for Men

For Spring and Summer possess the same individuality of style, ease of fit and durability which have long made them the choice of men who are best judges of shoe values. At

\$4.00 and \$3.50

they represent the product of manufacturers whose record of over forty years of successful shoemaking is a guarantee of unvarying high quality.

Style 1850 shown above—Patent Calf Blucher Oxford, Aster Last—is an unusually smart model for Spring and Summer.

Your Dealer Can Supply You

If you have difficulty in obtaining, send to us direct, mentioning size, width, leather and shape of toe desired, adding 25c. for delivery charge.

Write for our catalog of Spring Styles.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.,
20 High St. Boston, Mass.



"Porosknit"

TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Summer Underwear

acts on your skin just like a bath. It cools and cleanses by giving the air free access to the body.

The countless tiny perforations in the fabric let out the heat and let in the air.

LET YOUR BODY BREATHE

Elastic, moisture-absorbing, odor-banishing, self-ventilating, health-promoting.

Ask your dealer for

"Porosknit"

Booklet in blue and gold, "From Dawn to Bed" free to those who write for it.

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
3 Washington St., Amsterdam, New York

PIONEER GUARANTEED NURSERY STOCK
AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

All stock guaranteed disease free—true to name—pure bred and heavy crop producers. Full value for every dollar sent us. No agent's commission. Write for price list. We save you money.

HART PIONEER NURSERIES
Established 1865. Fort Scott, Kan.

Raise SQUABS It Pays

Success is certain if you follow our advice and start with straight-bred, properly mated Homer stock—best in the world for business purposes.

We absolutely guarantee the actual mating of every pair of birds sold.

All the year round business. Small capital required. Squabs raised from our breeders are marketable when a month old and bring fancy prices as table delicacies. Visitors welcome to inspect our stock of 11,000 Homers.

You will teach every point of it from start to finish. Read our beautifully illustrated booklet—sent free, to any address. Write to-day—a postal will do.

ATLANTIC SQUAB CO., Box E, Da Costa, N. J.

Bred squabs to make money. Eat squabs—and ask for **PLYMOUTH ROCK** squabs, which are the largest and best. Raised in four weeks, sell for \$3.50 to \$6.00. No mixing food, no night labor, no young to attend. Work for women which pays. We were first.

Visitors welcome at farm, correspondence invited. First send for our beautifully printed and illustrated Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 324 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

FREE SQUAB BOOK

Vacation Comforts

that you really cannot get along without. Our **7x7 WATER PROOF WALL TENT**, made of strong, light, closewoven twill and treated with a special process which both waterproofs and mildewproofs, is one of them. **PRICE \$8.25.** Lets more in our **CAMP and CANOE OUTFITS**. CATALOG A. Mailed on request.

CHARLES J. GODFREY COMPANY
111 Chambers Street New York, U. S. A.

CIGAR BANDS
FOR NOVELTY PLATES
THE LATEST FAD

100 Imported Cigar Bands, 2 Centerpieces, Tin Foil, 1-6 inch Glass Plate with felt back and full directions for making these beautiful plates. All for 50c. **A. HOLZMAN**, 340 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

SUMMER SPORTS

of every kind, for your vacation and coming holidays: Camping, Golfing, Baseball, Football, Fishing and Tennis outfits; Hammocks, Skates, Fireworks—in fact everything for indoor and outdoor pastimes can be found in our up to date illustrated catalog, which will be sent on request.

Write for it To-day
FREE CREST TRADING CO.
23H Witmark Building, N. Y. 23, 22c

LET ME SELL Your Patent

Booklet explaining how mailed FREE. Fifteen years' experience. Patent Sales exclusively. If you have a Patent for sale, call on or write **WILLIAM E. HOYT** Patent Sales Specialist Dun Building N. Y. City

Bread and Butter French
By **COOK, of Boston**

Easy way of getting French language enough to eat, drink, sleep, shop and travel in France. Sent, post-paid, for 15 cents, in cash or stamps. Address **C. S. COOK 22 Winter Street BOSTON**

Will make a **FIRST-CLASS BOOK-KEEPER** of you in 6 weeks for \$3 or RETURN MONEY. 1 find **POSITIONS**. **FREE! WRITE J. H. GOODWIN**, Room 236, 1215 Broadway, New York

3,000 Money-Making Farms for Sale. "Strout's List No. 15," illustrating hundreds of bargains in New England, New York, Jersey, Delaware and the South, mailed free by **E. A. STROUT, Farm, Dept. 92 150 Nassau Street New York City**

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. **EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.**

SQUAB RAISING A PAYING INVESTMENT

Work light; profits large. Send for free circulars. **RAY STATE SQUAB CO., Dept. V, WAKEFIELD, MASS.**

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY NINETEENTH

The \$1,000 Prize Award

THE announcement of the winning story in the Third Quarterly Contest will be made next week, and the story itself will be printed in that number, with illustrations by Miss Jessie Willcox Smith.

To-day and the Future in 'Frisco

THE present number contains the third and last article of Mr. Frederick Palmer's series descriptive of conditions in San Francisco. In this paper the writer sets forth clearly the situation that the people of the city are now facing, and he does not minimize the obstacles that have to be overcome. The greater 'Frisco will not rise in a night, as the old 'Frisco went down. Its reconstruction, even if capital comes in plenty, means a task whose immensity the population, coming to its senses after the shock, is only just beginning to realize. In an early issue we shall print additional details concerning the plans for the new city, with pictures by Mr. Jules Guerin, drawn from the designs laid down by Architect Burnham.

Municipal Progress

THE article mentioned above will form one of the series already announced under the title of "The Ideal American City." This series will deal with some of the cheerful aspects of modern municipal conditions in America. Mr. Samuel E. Moffett, who is preparing the articles, will tell of the beautiful and useful things that are being done in Washington, Baltimore, Buffalo, Boston, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Ottawa. In all these great municipalities there is evidence of a determined advance toward the ideal city. Such is the case, especially in Washington, which will be the subject of the second paper. Mr. Moffett will describe, in particular, the progress toward the carrying out of the extensive scheme of improvements now being actively pushed forward in the National Capital, where the work of improvement is well under way.

Summer and Sport

NEXT week's issue will combine the features of the Household and the Fiction Numbers,—the regular Fiction Number of this month having been given up entirely to San Francisco. The number will contain several short stories, including the prize winner, and the last article of the season on dramatic topics. The space devoted to plays during the winter months will be devoted to play during the summer months,—all seasonable sport coming in for its just share of picture and comment.

A Thousand Dollars for a Short Story

WE are now in the fourth term of the Quarterly Short Story Contest. A prize of \$1,000 will be awarded to the best story submitted between March 1 and June 1, in addition to the price of the manuscript at five cents per word, up to six thousand words. That is the limit of payment, because a story of six thousand words is as long as we can conveniently use. Anything over that makes trouble, and while we may sometimes have to stand trouble, we do not care to offer it a special invitation. Authors who have established and maintained rates above the five-cent scale will receive their regular prices. Fuller particulars may be obtained in a booklet, sent on request by the Fiction Department of Collier's.

WICK'S ADJUSTABLE Fancy Hat Bands
(The Band with Hooks—all rights reserved)

Made in over 100 fancy color combinations for Schools, Universities, Colleges, Clubs, Etc. They're adjustable—fit any hat. You don't have to buy the hat you don't want to get the band you do want. They're sold separately—can be worn over the regular hat band. On and off in a twinkling.

25 AND 50 CENTS
1 1/4 inch 25 cts. 1 1/2 and 2 inch 50 cts.
If your Hatter, Clothier or Haberdasher can't supply you, remit price to
WICK NARROW FABRIC CO.
Dept. C Philadelphia

Nobby Rig for \$100

Any boy or girl will get a lot of good healthy fun out of this rig, and perfectly safe fun, too. Almost everybody knows how good our cars are. They are the well known "Tony Pony" cars, firmly built of high-grade materials throughout, so strong they last for years. They are stylishly designed cars, roomy and comfortable, and they can't tip over. You can trust your children anywhere with one of our buggies. They are faithful little animals, kind and gentle and "city broke." They never kick or try to run away and are not afraid of street cars, automobiles or trains. The harness that goes with this rig is of good, durable quality. The price of the outfit complete, viz., buggy, cart and harness, is only \$100, f. o. b. Kalamazoo. We would be pleased to send you our new catalogue showing thirty styles of Tony Pony rigs and to quote you, if you desire, low combination price on buggy and harness with any other style of cart. Address: **Michigan Buggy Co., 94 Office Building, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

ARE YOUR CHILDREN HEALTHY?
An **"IRISH MAIL"**

At your dealers or direct at lowest factory prices.

car will give healthful exercise to arms, legs, back, lungs, shoulders, wrists, ankles, hands and feet. Brings children home happy, hungry and healthfully tired. The car that's geared for speed. Fun all day and spills impossible.

HILL-STANDARD MFG. CO.
94 Irish Mail Avenue Anderson, Ind.

Collars and Cuffs
"BARKER BRAND"
MADE OF LINEN
14 SIZES 15¢ TWO FOR 25¢ 17 1/2 SIZES

Steel Swings
EVERY PART A SPRING

Three seats. Room for 8. Strong as a bridge. Self-lubricating. No noise. Fine Canopy and Seats. Satisfaction or money back. First in each town at WHOLESALE.

D. H. HAUSMAN
Dept. Col., Hausman, Lumber Co., Pa.

KING Folding CANVAS BOATS

Lighter, more durable than wood. Puncture-proof; non-sinks-ble; cannot tip over. A revelation in boat construction. Can be carried anywhere by hand, on bicycle or checked as baggage. When not in use, fold up into a package. Catalogue 100 engravings sent on receipt of 6 cents.

King Folding Boat Co., 682 West North St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

ELECTRIC SUPPLIES, TELEPHONES, NOVELTIES. Catalog of 200 Free. If it's Electric we have it. Big Catalog 4c.

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio
The World's Headquarters for Dynamos, Motors, Fans, Toys, Batteries, Bells, Lamps, Books. We Undermill All. Want Agents.

Thirty Tours to Europe

under superior management; exceptional advantages. Fall Tours Around the World; Annual Oriental Cruise Feb. 7, '07, Str. Arabic. Program W Free.

FRANK C. CLARK, 96 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

DO YOU STAMMER

Try lesson explaining methods for "home cure" sent FREE. Gold Medal World's Fair, St. Louis.

Geo. Andrew Lewis, No. 146 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

INVENTORS We manufacture METAL SPECIALTIES of all kinds, to order; largest equipment; lowest prices. Send sample or model for low estimate and best expert advice **FREE**

THE EAGLE TOOL CO., Dept. C, CINCINNATI, O.

We'll Pay \$500 For Cents Like This

And Big Prizes for hundreds of other coins. Send 95 cts. for Hub Coin Book. 100 pp. 1000 illustrations. Illustrated paper for a stamp. (Est. 1873.)

Alexander & Co., 316 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

WHAT SCHOOL? WE CAN HELP YOU DECIDE

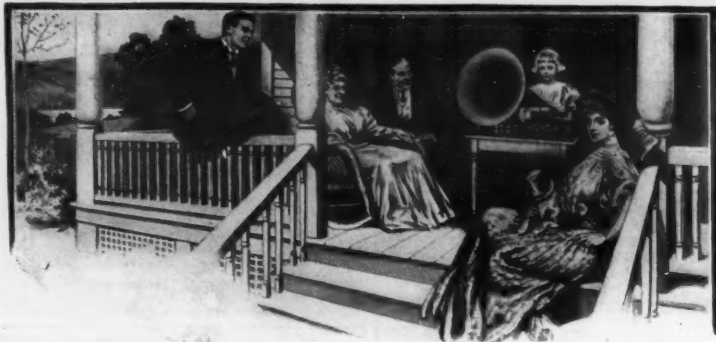
Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge. State kind of school.

AMERICAN SCHOOL & COLLEGE AGENCY
1061 Tribune Building Chicago, Illinois

STARK FRUIT BOOK

shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution.

We want more salesmen.—Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.



A PORCH CONCERT WITH THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

WHAT can be more delightful than fine music outdoors on summer evenings? One of the many good points of the Edison Phonograph is its portability. Unlike any other automatic musical entertainer, it can be moved to the porch, or taken with you on your summer vacation.

Its music sounds even better outdoors than in the house. You can have your own band concert or summer comic opera, grand opera, or vaudeville in the coolness of the summer night, without leaving your home.

When it is too warm to play the piano or other indoor instruments, the Phonograph is always available, and a child can operate it.

To appreciate the superiority of the Edison Phonograph of to-day over the old phonographs, and over other talking machines, hear it at the dealer's, free of charge.

Write for booklet "Home Entertainments With the Edison Phonograph," and name of nearest dealer.

National Phonograph Co., 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

New York: 31 Union Square Chicago: 304 Wabash Avenue



TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

Hot Water Instantly

Write Today

for our new Descriptive Booklet. It tells all about this Wonderful Invention which will supply Hot Water for you by the year at a fraction of what it is now costing you, and is always ready—every minute of every day, the year 'round. *Quickly pays for itself.*

Prices
\$20
to
\$52

Made of copper, beautifully nickel-plated. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Over 60,000 already in use in the United States.



The HUMPHREY WATER HEATER

Connects you with an inexhaustible supply of *Steaming Hot Water* which pours forth the instant you light the gas—day or night—at an immense saving over the cost of heating water by any other method. Heats water for one-tenth of a cent per gallon—equally economical for a cupful or a tubful. For the Bath, for the Kitchen, for the Office, for any purpose, it is the cheapest way to heat water, for it heats only as the water flows. No gas wasted, no hot water left unused in Heater or pipes. Every heat unit takes effect.



"Humphrey Economy"

Write for Descriptive Booklet

HUMPHREY CO.
Dept. C19 Kalamazoo, Mich.

"Largest Mfrs. Instantaneous Water Heaters in the World"



"Bothersome Extravagance"

19 EXPENSIVE EFFICIENT BEARINGS.



THE THOMAS FLYER 50 H.P. \$3500.00 A CAR THAT'S FULL JEWELLED.

The jewels in a watch and the bearings in a motor car exercise practically the same function. One is just as vital as the other. The cheaper the watch the fewer the jewels—the better the car the better the bearings.

Short sighted economy suggests to the automobile manufacturer that he keep the number of expensive bearings down to the minimum. Regard for the perfection of his product demands that the number be brought to the maximum.

The efficiency of a car—all other essentials being adequate—increases in proportion to the increase of high grade and high priced bearings.

That is one of many points in Thomas Flyer construction in which cost has been utterly ignored. The Thomas contains 19 efficient and expensive bearings.

Get the 1906 Thomas catalogue and learn more about this invaluable feature

THE E. R. THOMAS MOTOR COMPANY
1196 Niagara Street Buffalo, N. Y.

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

WHAT makes the investment phase of life insurance so attractive? It's the "coming-back-to-you" idea, appealing to the selfish side of man's nature.

Getting-your-money-back is a strong inducement. But that isn't life insurance's *real* purpose.

Eagerness for investment inclines men to take on more insurance than they can carry. Which is very wrong, very unwise. That's the fault.

Real insurance is protection assured to those who are dependent on you. It isn't a *gamble*; it's a *sacred duty*.

Insurance-for-investment has its place of course. But it's something the salaried man can't always afford and should think twice about.

I'd rather you'd think of the real, the protection side of insurance. It's the simplest, safest, cheapest security in the world for the man-on-the-pay-roll.

Write me. I want to hear from salary earners. I like to have them put questions to me. I feel that I'm here to answer them. You know what your income is. I know insurance. I'll point out to you what you ought to have and show you why.

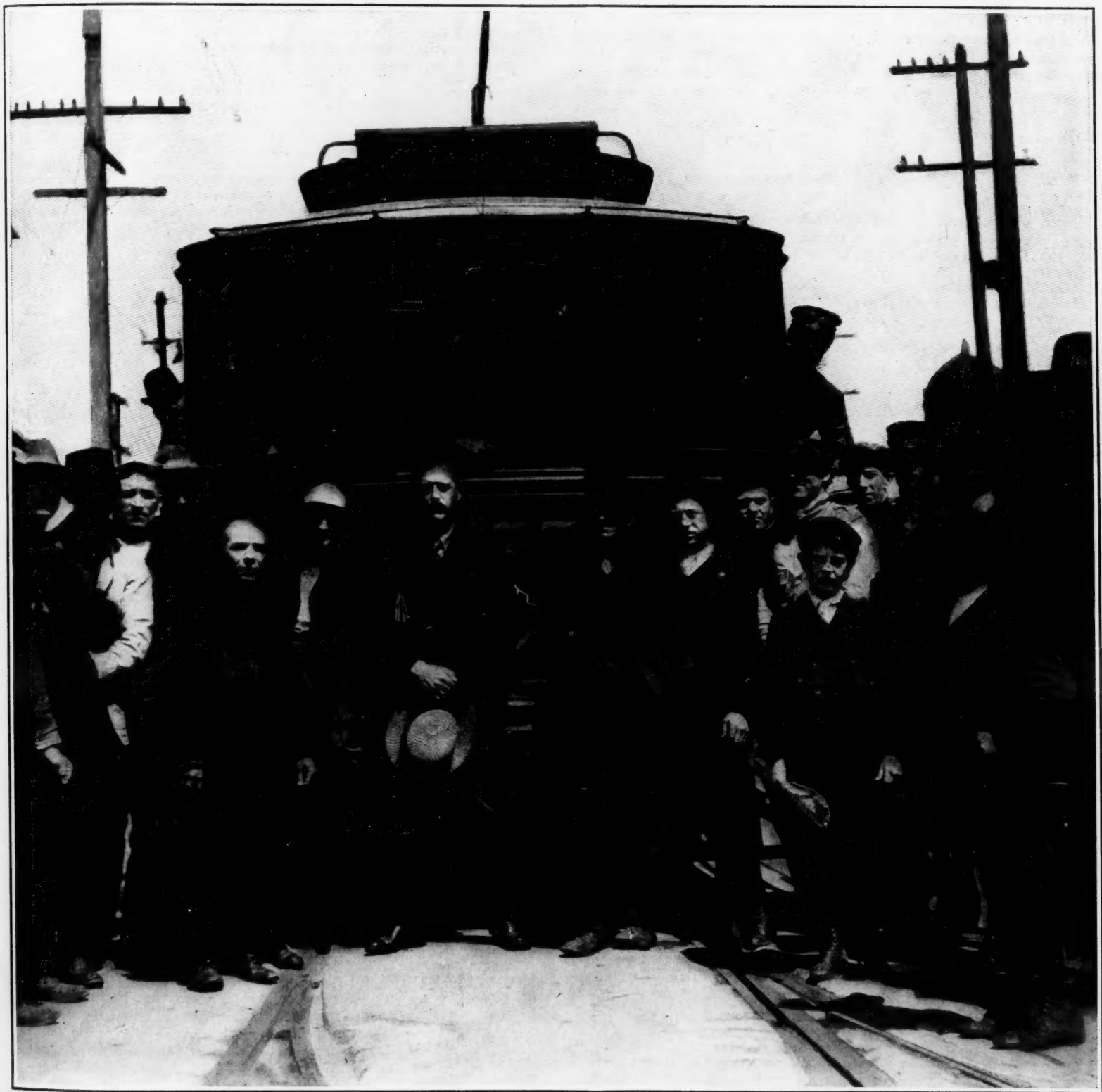
For the sake of getting protection-for-the-family taken care of, sit down and open correspondence with me direct. I will answer you promptly and plainly and to the point.

John Tattlock
PRESIDENT

Washington Life Insurance Company
145 Broadway, New York

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



BUSINESS BEGINS AGAIN

Mayor Schmitz taking out the first trolley car that was run in San Francisco after the fire

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE



INFORMATION IS DESIRED, not infrequently, by our readers, about the results of our "Town Topics" labors up to date. The removal of Judge DEUEL rests with the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, whose decision is expected soon.

Colonel MANN has been indicted for perjury, and the evidence in regard to blackmail will soon be offered to the Grand Jury. The criminal law is slow. Public opinion is sometimes swift. "Town Topics" as a financial enterprise is in straits. The big "loans" are presumably forever past. In spite of its frightened effort to retain circulation and business, by wide and expensive advertising in the press, it loses rapidly in both. The advertising for the first third of 1906 shows a falling off from 1905 of about 23,774 lines, which is about half as much as the whole of its remaining patronage, or say \$14,858, which would be \$44,574 for the year. This, with a corresponding change in circulation, and the much greater loss of blood money, is enough to transform profit into heavy loss. The business men who have struck this blow, those who were advertisers in "Town Topics" during the first four months of 1905 and did not advertise in the first four months of 1906, are these, whose names should constitute a roll of honor for the service they have done the public:

"TOWN TOPICS"

Abel & Bach (Trunks)
Blaine, Sholtz & Co. (Ladies' Tailors)
Blair's Pills
Breslin Hotel
Samuel Buckley & Co. (Foreign Customs Agents)
Budd & Co. (Shirts)
Burr Pub. Co.
Cantslip Bath Tub Appliance Co.
Caro Caro Co.
Cleopatra Beautifying Co.
Cortez Cigars
Dewar's Scotch Whiskey
Drug Crave Crusade
Equitable Life Ins. Co.
"Everybody's Magazine"
"Four-Track News"
E. M. Gattle (Jewelry)
Gorham Silver Co.
Great Western Ry.
Hardman Piano Co.
Harper Bros. (Publishers)
Hartford Suspension Tire Co.
Havana Tobacco Co.
Haynes-Apperson (Autos)
R. J. Horner (Furniture)
Horton Mfg. Co. (Fishing Rods)
Hotel Cecil
Hotel Chamberlain
Hotel Metropole
Hotel Somerset
Hotel Touraine
Hotel Victoria
Hotel Windsor
Jewett Piano Co.
Geo. Kessler & Co. (Champagne)
Wm. Kinsey (Linens)

Knickerbocker Art Galleries
Knickerbocker Trust Co.
Krementz & Co. (Collar Buttons)
Lackawanna Ry.
Lamont, Corliss & Co.
John Lane (Publishers)
Lee & Perrins Sauce
Maison Nouvelle (Millinery)
Michigan Central R.R.
E. A. Morrison (Dry Goods)
Mt. Park Hotel
G. H. Mumm & Co. (Champagne)
Mutual Life Ins. Co.
N. J. Central R.R.
Old Dominion S.S. Line
Olds Motor Co.
"Outing" (Magazine)
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
Pequot House
Pond's Extract
G. P. Putnam (Publishers)
Red Top Rye Whiskey
Redmond & Co. (Investment)
Reed & Barton (Silverware)
Shoreham Hotel
Steinway Piano Co.
Stoll & Co. (Whiskey)
Tiffany & Co.
U. S. Mortgage & Trust Co.
Wabash Ry.
Waldorf-Astoria
Warner Bros. (Corsets)
White Rock Lithia Water
Whiting Paper Co.
J. B. Williams (Soap)
Wisconsin Central Ry.
Woodbury Soap

and the following theatres: Casino, Colonial, Daly's, the New York Hippodrome, Hudson, Lew Fields', Lyceum, Lyric, and Weber's.

MEN WHO ENABLE "Town Topics" still to drag along are they whose advertisements still appear. Many of them doubtless continue less from cynical indifference or from fear than out of thoughtlessness. They are:

Abbott's Angostura Bitters
Acker, Merrill & Condit (Grocers)
B. Altman (Dry Goods)
American Car Foundry
American Tobacco Co.
American Woolen Co.
Anheuser-Busch Co.
Atlantic Coast Line
Baltimore & Ohio
Barclay & Co. (Soap)
Batjer & Co. (Whiskey)
Battery Park Hotel
David Beechoff (Women's Costumes)
Binner (Corsets)
C. D. Boss (Crackers)
Bromo-Seltzer Co.
Burley & Co. (Gowns and Millinery)
Chatland & Lenhart (Crackers)

Liebig's Extract
Loftis Bros. (Jewelry)
Louisville & Nashville Ry.
Luyties Bros. (Bitters)
Allen McAfee (Shoes)
Jas. McCreery (Dry Goods)
Macy's (Dry Goods)
Margaret Murtha (Gowns)
Jordan Marsh Co. (Dry Goods)
McIlhenny's Tabasco
Martell's Brandy
Maxwell Briscoe (Autos)
Melachrino Cigarettes
Gerhard Mennen (Talcum Powder)
J. W. Merriam (Cigars)
Milo Cigarettes
Missouri Pacific Ry.
Morton Trust

Chesapeake & Ohio
Chicago & N. W. Ry.
Chickering & Sons (Pianos)
Chiclets (Chewing Gum)
Cuticura Soap
Francis Draz & Co. (Champagne)
Electric Vehicle Co.
Eugenie (Shirtwaist Suits)
Evans' Ale
Fifth Ave. Art Galleries
Florida East Coast Hotel
Forbidden Fruit Co. (Cordial)
J. H. Freyman (Chocolate)
Geo. Frost (Garters)
Garrick Club Rye
Grand Hotel
Grande Maison de Blanc (Linens)
Hamburg-American Line
Heublein (Cocktails)
Hollander & Tangeman (Autos)
L. P. Hollander (Fancy Goods)
Hotel Brighton
Hotel Gramatan
Hotel Martinique
Hotel Traymore
Hunter Rye
Huyler's (Chocolate)
Imperial Hair Regenerator
Irene (Corsetiere)
Iron Mountain Route
Jack's Restaurant
John Jameson (Whiskey)
Thos. Jeffery (Autos)
Keeley Cure
Lakewood Hotel
Laurel House

Lichtenstein (Millinery)
Natural Food Co.
N. Y. Central
N. Y. Telephone Co.
Nestor Cigarettes
Allen Olmstead (Footcase)
Mrs. Osborn (Gowns)
Pears' Soap
Penn. R.R.
The George N. Pierce Co. (Autos)
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Pope Motor
Postum Cereal
Prudential Insurance Co.
Reo Motor
Richmond Hotel
Roosevelt & Schuyler (Champagne)
Sanderson Mt. Dew Ball (Whiskey)
Carl Schultz (Seltzer)
Seaboard Florida Ltd. Ry.
Seven Sutherland Sisters (Hair Restorer)
Simcox (Gowns)
A. Simonson (Wigs)
Smith & Mabley (Autos)
Southern Pacific Ry.
Southern Palm Limited Ry.
Stern Bros. (Dry Goods)
Surburg (Tobacco)
Trimble Whiskey
United Fruit Co.
Vichy Celestins
West Shore Ry.
Wilson Whiskey
Youmans (Hats)
Young's Hotel
Younger's Scotch Ale

The following theatres remained, in the first four months of 1906: Belasco, Bijou, Broadway, Criterion, Empire, Garrick, Herald Square, Knickerbocker, Liberty, Majestic, Manhattan, New Amsterdam, New York, and Savoy. Many of the advertisers on the above list are probably out by now, for these results relate to a period when the effects of the DEUEL trial could but very inadequately show, the verdict in that case having been rendered on January 26, and it requiring several weeks at the least for changes to take effect. Even if DEUEL is not removed from the bench, or if the Colonel is not imprisoned, as we expect them to be, doubt about the approaching financial ruin of the paper should be slight.

STANDARD OIL has patience, force, and guile. Accustomed to victory, confident in its huge machine, it smiles at crusaders, and even waits grimly and with assurance to undo the public's occasional victory, such as eighty-cent gas in New York. Answering Mr. GARFIELD and the President, it evidently smarted under the charges of perjury, for profusion of lying under oath is not good form, and if the report is true the oil men have been careless on the stand. The President and Mr. GARFIELD have led the public to expect results, but the Standard Oil men, although irritated by criticism, laugh cynically at the idea of consequences. Behind their money they feel safe. Men with so much power, they have become assured, are never punished by the law. Years of immunity justify this confidence, and their victory over the Government is extremely probable; but is it beyond all doubt? Is legislation that is intended to control vast business enterprises to stand in perpetuity as a joke?

THE LATEST
CRUSADE

TO THE HOUSE OF MIRTH at Albany enthusiastic acknowledgment for the inclusion (in spite of GRADY and ODELL) of Hook Mountain in the Parkway system along the Hudson River. When a few determined and practical men support the public on an issue of ultimate importance, and when no doubt about the right can possibly be raised, the public has a chance to win. Now let the national assemblage at Washington do as well by Niagara, by the White Mountain, and by the other similar interests dependent on their action, and we can all of us join in a still louder pean of approval. "Paying money for scenery," contemptuously remarks Mr. CANNON, Speaker of our House; and Mr. CANNON is being groomed by politicians for the nomination in 1908. Politicians, however, and the wishes of wealthy individuals, will not be everything in 1908.



"SOCIAL UNREST," said "The Independent" of May 3, on publishing one of JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS'S essays, is perhaps the best analysis of present-day politico-sociological tendencies in America, and we are heartily of that opinion. Mr. BROOKS, in this new essay, takes up the topic of exposure, so incor- rectly symbolized by the muck-rake, and thus, for the first time since that inapt phrase was used, the country is given the analysis of a man to whom no one can deny the soundest in- formation, catholicity, and prudence. The best journalistic investi- gators, as Mr. BROOKS points out, are doing the moral work to-day which the clergy should be doing, had they not from weakness and timidity thrown away the opportunity. Nor does this economist harbor for a moment the folly that exposures of wrong-doing and of evil system should be vague. We must speak in the mother tongue. The public must understand. Our "would-be Republic" must become a Republic in reality. The consequences of corporate privilege (lighting, transportation, mining, Beef Trust), developing the power of great speculative gains, must be seen with vividness, in human terms. There must be no "drugging" by stereotyped terminology. There is an awakening. There is a revolt. LODGE, TAFT, ROOSEVELT have confused the issue. They should have spoken definitely when they spoke at all. The results of their

FROM A HIGH
AUTHORITY

vagueness are shown in the distorted rumors about the causes of discord in "McClure's Magazine." One stupid Chicago paper classed JACOB RIIS among the rakers, as in their day LLOYD, SHAFTESBURY, COBBETT, BRIGHT, KINGSLEY, HUGHES, LUDLOW, MAURICE, SUMNER, and GARRISON were classed. Mr. BROOKS speaks of the accidental row that opened insurance investigation; of the probing of railroad abuses, now in its initial stages; of the express companies' strange immunity; and he points out how helpful it is to imperiled "interests" that genuine investigators like BAKER and STEFFENS should be confused in one motley fellowship with every abusive journalistic skate whose sole aim is pelf, and that facts should be confused with strident declamation. "He teaches well," reads the Latin motto, "who distinguishes clearly." But even the sen- sationalist is an evil not to be for a moment compared to the conditions which put "democratic government in control of spec- ulative business interests powerful enough to silence or make servile the twenty strongest men in our most dignified political body." The reasons for the dumb subservency of Ohio Sen- ators to a man like Cox of Cincinnati are a peril compared to which even an evil muck-rake is innocent as a toy. That one man of the first authority has so clearly summed up the issues, obscured by calculation or by noisy emphasis, is a high advantage in an urgent cause.

DEVOTION TO ACTORS who have once won the general heart is more noticeable in England than with us, and nobody now alive in Great Britain more entirely deserves devo- tion than does ELLEN TERRY. Since the death of IRVING she is the only living person whose position on the British stage is so high as to be assuredly significant in the history of dramatic art. The testimonial, tendered to her by the British public, through a shilling fund, on the completion of her fifty years of service, has with every reason found an echo in this country, where contributions to the fund are being raised by a committee of which CHARLES FAIRCHILD, 29 Wall Street, New York, is the treasurer. Miss TERRY'S gifts from Providence in- cluded a considerable aptitude for technique, else she could not have become the actress she has been, but her pre- eminent endowment was the delicacy and the exuber- ance of her charm. Exquisite in quality and yet ample in amount of personality, what she has given to England so abundantly, and to America on her frequent visits, is grace, poetry, the fascination of light fancy, the embodiment of all the airier, gentler, more evanescent qualities that we call feminine. Ophelia, Desdemona, Portia, Margaret—pathos, humor, gaiety, and joy—in such atmospheres she has been through all her life unrivaled. When she tried the heavier moods, as, for example, in "Macbeth," she was so much an actress that she never com- pletely failed, even when she did not genuinely succeed. To the end of history her kinship to many of the most loved characters in English drama—to Beatrice, Juliet, Viola, and Cordelia, and twice as many others of their sisters—will be among the charmed traditions of the past.

THE HEN AND THE STORK are among those birds which lately have questioned the Eagle's right to rule our emblem, but on many occasions the animal fittest for election seems Chanticleer. When America won with so wide a margin the Olympic games, the joy of our countrymen was of the purest essence. There seems to have been as much emotion in the onlookers as if the Stadium of Athens had been a diamond in Boston or Chicago, or a football field in Cambridge or New Haven. Did the athletes enjoy the "Oedipus Tyrannus" which they saw, or would "The Belle of New York" have pleased them more? That our victory was won largely by runners ought to gain us credit with Athenian ghosts, to whom pedal fleetness meant so much, al- though they might have commented on our lack of endurance in the longer runs. When those same ghosts observed the failure of an American with the discus, through lack not of strength, as he won with the shot, but of correctness in the pose, they were serious, whereas to Americans failure on esthetic grounds suggests a touch of mirth. In this difference of taste the credit goes to Greece, for it means that in the Athenian ath- letes there existed not a less efficiency but a closer relation to the higher elements of mind. The Athenians were for a time artistic beyond the standard ever reached by any other men.

IN THE TOWN
OF ALCIBADES

MALCONTENTS OF DIET there be who would persuade us that what is a pleasure to the palate is a peril to the partaker. To these dyspeptics of mind and body we oppose PERKINS on Pie. Hear the supporter of the succulent pumpkin, the tart and tasty rhubarb, and the beatifically encrusted apple, as he rises in the halls of his nation's Congress to defend the food of his fathers. "The founders of our country," proclaims the gentleman from New York in ringing accents, "lived on pie and doughnuts. They were men. If we follow in their footsteps and eat the wholesome food they did we may yet accomplish something really good." Already Mr. PERKINS has accomplished several histories, but nothing comparable to his peroration on pie. Pie is the mansard roof of the American meal. It is the touch of romance that hallows the grim prose of the boiled dinner. Tradition and song have glorified it. EMERSON ate it for breakfast. If we may judge from certain temperamental expressions, CARLYLE ate it in its ultra manifestation (mince) for his midnight supper. List to the song of the poet (unhappily lost to fame) anent the explanation of the waiter to the fearless diner who had ordered worse than he knew:

P I E

"Here, sir, is your currant pie,
Alternating current pie.
First a currant, then a fly
'Neath the crust alternate lie."

Long after our teeth are a fond memory and our digestion a picturesque ruin, PERKINS' Panegyric on Pie will bring the waters of fond regret to lips and eyes alike.

OF SPRING'S CHARM how much is new leaves and hurry- ing sap, and how much comes from the fresh draperies that the ladies wear? With no flippancy toward Nature's vaster idyl, a word of tribute should be paid to the artificial gardens which just now are showing such exuberance upon our women's heads. Clothes, in the opinion of the old divine, ought to be remembrances of our MILLINERY AND SPRING lost innocence, but in spring their cheerfulness helps to bring us back to pagan buoyancy. In spring espe- cially it is that we like airiness and freedom in attire; that

"A sweet disorder in the dresse
Kindles in clothes a wontonnesse."

It is in spring that we least approve of the advice given by LORD LITTLETON to Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, and by that clever female reported thus:

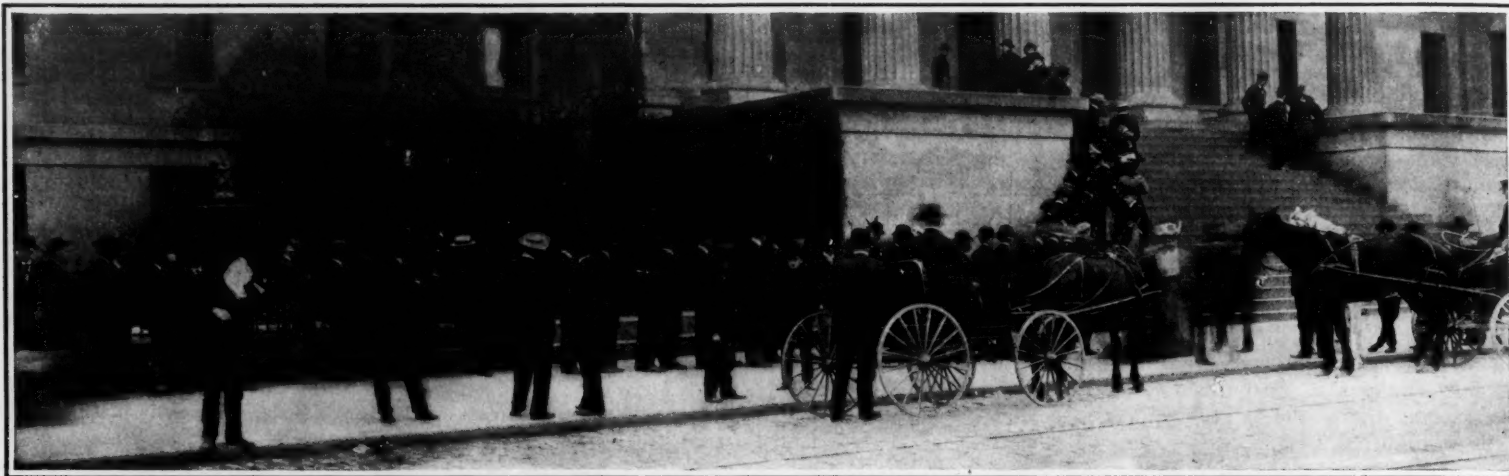
"Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary, kiss me and be quiet."

No economy and common sense for us in spring. That is the period for fuss and feathers and spreading of light charm. VERGIL'S Camilla, having shaken off every other weakness of her sex, happily retained the love of dress.

THE RESUMPTION OF BUSINESS

As soon as the fire fighting was over, the banks, whose specie was locked in the vaults and safes among the ruins, issued orders upon the Mint, which enabled the merchants in the undemolished parts of the city to promptly put the wheels of trade in operation again

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE



DRAWING MONEY AT THE MINT ON THE FIRST DAY THE BANKS RESUMED BUSINESS



The fire was checked at the house of Claus Spreckels, who is reported to have offered the firemen a million dollars to save the property

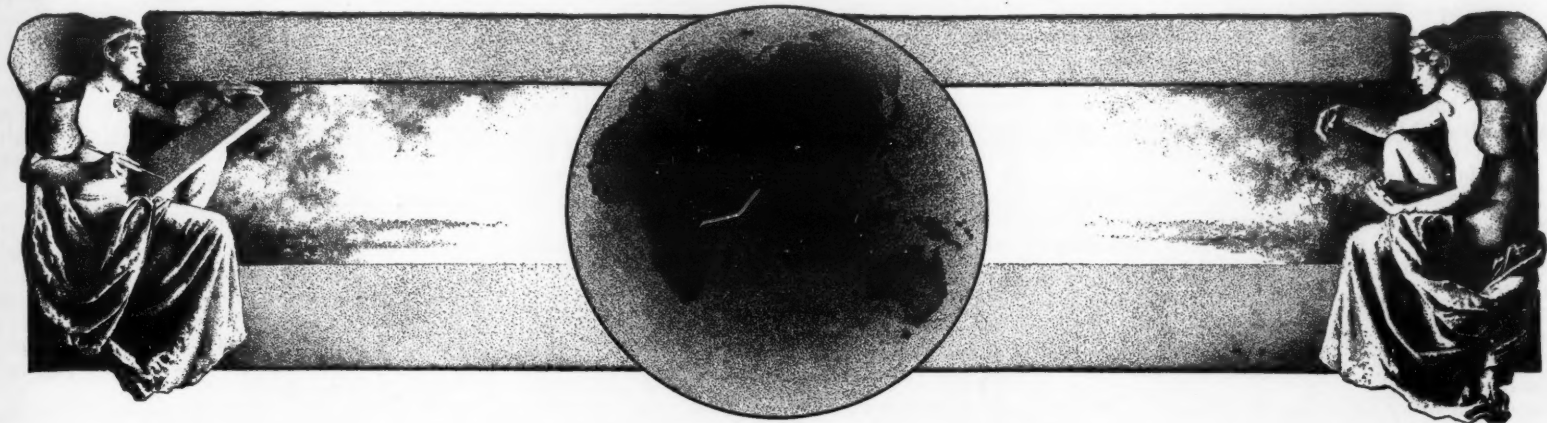


The old Mission Dolores, which has withstood without injury five earthquakes, is the oldest church in San Francisco



FILLMORE STREET, THE NEW BUSINESS SECTION—FIRST DAY OF THE RESUMPTION OF TROLLEY-CAR SERVICE

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE dispute between the anthracite miners and operators has been ended by an agreement, signed May 7, extending the award of 1903 for three years longer. ¶ Commissioner Garfield's report on his Standard Oil investigation discloses wholesale violations of the laws on the part of the trust and the railroads. ¶ The general elections in France, May 6, resulted in a sweeping victory for the Government. ¶ The Senate Finance Committee has unanimously rejected the suggestion of a national guaranty of a loan for rebuilding San Francisco, but capitalists are arranging to furnish all the money needed. ¶ The Constitutional Democrats in the Russian Duma are trying to agree with the peasants upon the terms of a scheme of land division involving expenditures of over a billion dollars. Witte's resignation has been accom-

panied by that of M. Durnovo, the despotic Minister of the Interior. ¶ The report of the International Waterways Commission, signed by both the Canadian and American members, was made public May 7. It recommends an international limitation of the amount of water to be diverted from Niagara Falls. ¶ The House Committee on Claims has refused to report Representative Sulzer's bill authorizing the Court of Claims to take cognizance of the cases of the victims of the "Slocum" disaster. ¶ The elections in Hungary give the followers of Kossuth a clear majority over all other factions. ¶ Great Britain has been engaged in an acute controversy with Turkey over a question of jurisdiction on the frontier of Egypt. ¶ President Roosevelt has signed the bill giving Alaska the right to be represented by a Delegate in Congress.

PEACE IN THE COAL REGIONS

AFTER six weeks of idleness the long strain of negotiations between the anthracite miners and their employers was ended May 7 by the conclusion of a formal treaty establishing peace on the old basis for three years from the date on which the former agreement had expired. The terms were signed by George F. Baer, E. B. Thomas, W. H. Truesdale, David Willcox, John B. Kerr, Morris Williams, and James L. Cabe, on behalf of the operators, and by John Mitchell, T. D. Nicholls, John Dempsey, W. H. Dettrey, John P. Gallagher, and John Fahy on the part of the men. In addition to extending the old award of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission for three years it provides that "work shall be resumed as soon as practicable, and that all men who have not committed violence to persons or property shall be reemployed in their old positions."

The settlement is nominally a victory for the operators, since the terms agreed upon are precisely those for which they contended in the beginning. But the miners have won a victory too—a victory of reason, good temper, and public spirit over impulses that would have been much more easily yielded to than resisted. Their able leaders understood, of course, that a strike under present conditions could not have succeeded. It is clear now that the suspension of work has been a mistake. The men have lost six weeks' wages and have obtained actually less than they could have obtained in the first place. Against all the long list of demands originally presented by Mr. Mitchell, the operators offered to make the concession that the Strike Commission should be asked to decide whether conditions had changed sufficiently since the original award was made to justify a modification on the two points of the rate of wages and the Board of Conciliation. This proposition is not embodied in the agreement finally signed. The retailers who raised prices as soon as a strike was threatened reduced them upon the conclusion of peace.

In the bituminous field the anthracite conditions are reversed. There the men seem to have the upper hand, and they are maintaining their advantage as firmly as the anthracite operators have maintained theirs. They have refused to arbitrate their demands, and that part of the field in which the employers have granted them is gaining a trade advantage that is hard for the men in control of idle mines to watch with patience.

The anthracite trouble may cause a slight permanent alteration in the character of the population at the mines. When the men suspended work thousands of the foreign miners went back to Europe. The places of many of these have been filled, and the operators say that they will stay filled. If a real strike had been declared, the mining regions would have been flooded with newly imported immigrants, but now this stream will be shut off.

FRANCE STANDS FAST

THE French Government looked forward to the parliamentary elections of May 6 with apprehensions which the event proved to have been entirely unnecessary. Attacked from all sides, with the Monarchist factions stirring above, the irreconcilable Socialists raging below, and the Clericals working with bitter hostility and tireless energy among the peasantry and the middle classes, it seemed as if the ruling "bloc" stood in greater danger than at any other time in its existence. But all the fears on one

side and the hopes on the other were baseless. The Government not only maintained its strength but increased it.

On the first ballot the supporters of the Government carried almost a majority of the entire membership of the Chamber of Deputies, securing 262 seats against 169 for all the discordant opposition groups combined. Under the sensible system prevailing in France and most other Continental countries a plurality vote is not enough to elect a candidate—he must have a clear majority. In 155 constituencies, therefore, there was no choice on the first ballot, but it was certain that the results of the second balloting would only emphasize the national verdict. Two notable features of the elections were the almost complete disappearance of the monarchical factions, and the growing strength of the Socialists. The Monarchists usually masked themselves as Moderate Republicans, but even under that disguise the majority of them were smoked out and beaten.

To all outward appearances the Third Republic is now more solidly based than any government France has had for a century and a quarter. It has withstood every sort of attack for thirty-five years, and its enemies are helpless and humiliated. Moreover, its friends have developed a capacity for acting together, subordinating non-essentials to essentials. In the light of this month's elections the conciliatory policy of M. Clémenceau in dealing with the strikers, which has been condemned as weakness, appears to have been a case of political wisdom.

TWO NATIONS TO SAVE NIAGARA

WHEN the American members of the International Waterways Commission proposed to limit the amount of water to be taken from Niagara Falls, the Canadian members, while agreeing with the purpose of the recommendation, asked for more time to consider its details. Both sides have now united upon a report which was made public on May 7. They begin with the emphatic assertion that "it would be a sacrilege to destroy the scenic effect of Niagara Falls." While they are not fully agreed upon the effect of diversions of water, they are all of the opinion that such diversions can not exceed 36,000 cubic feet per second on the Canadian side of the Niagara River or on the Niagara Peninsula, and 18,500 cubic feet

on the American side of the river, including diversions for power purposes on the Erie Canal, without injury to the Falls.

The Commissioners therefore agree in recommending that such diversions, exclusive of water required for domestic uses or the service of locks in navigation canals, "be limited on the Canadian side to 36,000 cubic feet per second, and on the United States side to 18,500 cubic feet per second, and in addition thereto a diversion for sanitary purposes not to exceed 10,000 cubic feet per second be authorized for the Chicago drainage canal, and that a treaty or legislation be had limiting these diversions to the quantities mentioned."

This, it will be observed, is practically the same

recommendation made a few weeks ago by the American Commissioners, and received with some unfriendly criticism by a portion of the Canadian press. The Canadian members of the Commission, in assenting to these conclusions, did so with the understanding that the treaty or arrangement dealing with the subject should be limited to the term of twenty-five years, and should also establish the principles applicable to all diversions or uses of waters adjacent to the international boundary, and of all streams flowing across the boundary.

The principles suggested were:

That in all navigable waters the use for navigation should be considered of primary and paramount right, and that the Great Lakes system, including the St. Lawrence, should be maintained in its integrity.

That permanent or complete diversions of navigable waters or their tributaries should be permitted only for domestic purposes and for the use of locks in navigation canals.

That temporary diversions, returning the water taken, should be permitted in equal quantities to both countries when they did not interfere with navigation.

That no obstruction or diversion injurious to

navigation should be permitted in any navigable water crossing the boundary or its tributaries.

That "each country shall have the right of diversion for irrigation or extraordinary purposes in equal quantities of the waters of non-navigable streams crossing the international boundary."

It was also proposed to establish a permanent joint commission to deal with the settlement of all disputes arising as to the application of these principles. The American members thought that all this would be going beyond their functions, holding that their jurisdiction was restricted to the Great Lakes system.

However this may be, the Canadian suggestion is full of merit. Among the many vexed questions tangled up with the international boundary none are more complex or troublesome than those relating to the streams in its neighborhood. From the St. John River to the Yukon, almost every waterway that touches the line has its particular problem. The operations of the lumbermen on the St. John have more than once brought the two nations to the edge of war. In the Northwest there are rivers that rise on one side of the boundary, cross over, bend around, and come back again. The

people on both sides want the water for irrigation, and those highest up have the first chance.

The fate of Niagara itself is linked with that of the whole Lake region. It is not to be settled within sight of the spray of the Falls, and those Canadians who think that because the bulk of the water of the river flows over their side of the cliff they have the situation in hand, are suffering from a dangerous delusion. Niagara can be drained at Chicago. It is threatened by canal projects in Ohio. It can be tapped at the eastern end of Lake Erie, and anywhere along the river from Buffalo to the Falls. If there were no law to prevent it, the greater part of the water that now flows over the Horseshoe Fall could be carried to Lake Ontario by canals through Western New York. The attempt to keep all the power on the Canadian side of the Falls by prohibiting its exportation, which is now advocated in some quarters as a statesmanlike policy, would merely send the American exploiters a little further up stream.

A permanent International Commission to deal with all these international questions would be the civilized way of handling them, and it would help to emphasize and develop the essential unity of the continent.

MONOPOLIES ON THE DEFENSIVE

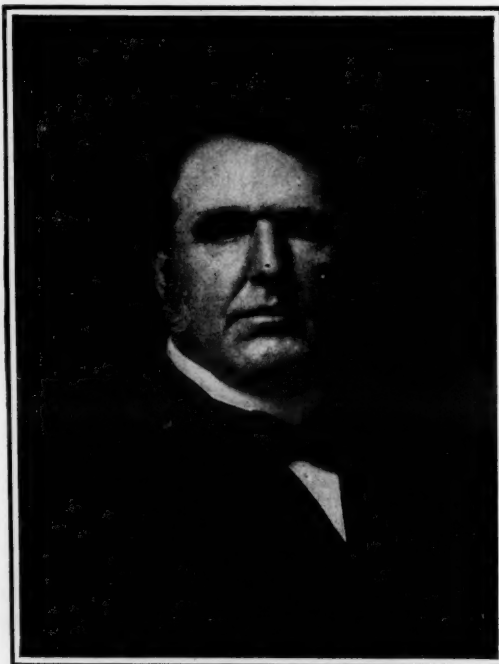
THE fourth of May was an eventful day in the history of the struggle for supremacy between overgrown corporations and the law. First in public interest and importance was the special message from President Roosevelt transmitting to Congress the report of Commissioner Garfield containing the results of his investigation into the relations between the Standard Oil Company and the railroads. The Standard Oil has always insisted that it has never violated the laws—that it took rebates only when they were legal and stopped taking them as soon as the law forbade them. The Garfield report sharply contradicts that assertion. "The Standard Oil Company," it says, "has habitually received from the railroads, and is now receiving, secret rates and other unjust and illegal discriminations." It adds that the company is also receiving unjust discriminations in open rates. These discriminations give it "monopolistic control in the greater portion of the country" and "so limit competition as to practically prevent the extension of the business of any independent to a point which even remotely endangers the supremacy of the Standard."

As examples of the unfair advantages granted by the railroads to the Standard Oil Company Mr. Garfield alleges that for about ten years the Standard has controlled the New England territory by reason of the refusal of the New York, New Haven and Hartford and the Boston and Maine Railroads to prorate—that is, to join in through rates—on oil shipped from west of the Hudson, and by so adjusting published rates as to handicap the trust's competitors. The railroads prorate on all other commodities than oil, and their refusal to do so on that imposes a heavy tax on the consumer, besides practically shutting the independent refiners out of the business. Again, the Standard has been in control of northeastern New York and part of Vermont by means of secret rates from its refineries at Olean and Rochester, the trust's rate from Olean to Rochester being nine cents a barrel against thirty-eight charged to independent refineries in the same field and similar discriminations being applied all the rest of the way to Vermont. Almost the entire region south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi has been handed over to the Standard by secret rates and open discriminations from Whiting, Indiana. Secret "State rates" covering most of the distance from Whiting to East St. Louis have given the trust an advantage throughout the Southwest. There have been unfair open rates in the Kansas-Territory field, and direct rebates as well as secret discriminations in California. Many other unjust favors to the Standard at the expense of its competitors are cited.

Mr. Garfield adds the significant statement that "most of the secret rates and some of the open discriminations discovered by the bureau were abolished by the railroads shortly after such discovery."

In his message transmitting the Garfield report President Roosevelt uses its revelations as an un-

answerable argument in favor of the passage of the Railroad Rate bill, as well as the Knox bill to abolish Judge Humphrey's "immunity baths," and the bill removing the internal revenue tax on denatured alcohol for use in the arts. He intimates that the Department of Justice will take up the question of instituting prosecutions in certain cases, and calls attention to the fact that the Standard Oil Company is not the only offender to be dealt



REV. J. R. DAY, S. T. D., LL. D.

Chancellor of Syracuse University, who says that President Roosevelt is a more dangerous anarchist than W. R. Hearst, who ought to be electrocuted

with, since the Sugar Trust, for instance, "rarely, if ever, pays the lawful rate for transportation, and is thus improperly, and probably unlawfully, favored at the expense of its competitors and of the general public."

One of the secrets of the President's popularity is his unexpectedness. He has a fascinating way of diversifying his state papers with surprising suggestions, thrown in as asides—as when he lightened up his solemn treatise on the Man with the Muck-Rake by incidentally proposing to limit inherited fortunes. Two startling asides find place in the Standard Oil message. One of them suggests the restoration to railroads of the privilege of combination—in effect, the pooling privilege—under proper regulation, in order to afford them the means of protection against such tyrannical shippers as the trusts. The other is still more significant—in

fact, it is one of the most profoundly important propositions ever made by a President. It is that "the time has come when no oil or coal lands held by the Government, either upon the public domain proper or in territory owned by the Indian tribes, should be alienated," but that "the fee to such lands should be kept in the United States Government whether or not the profits arising from it are to be given to any Indian tribe, and the lands should be leased only on such terms and for such periods as will enable the Government to keep entire control thereof." This implies possibilities of future wealth to the Government which dazzle the imagination, and affords gratifying evidence of returning sanity among the guardians of the public domain.

The Garfield report and the President's message infuriated the accused corporations. Stung out of its accustomed air of contemptuous indifference, the Standard Oil Company issued a hasty and impassioned defense. It admitted that the company had "at all times, within the limits of fairness and with due regard for the law, sought to secure the most advantageous freight rates and routes possible," but it denied emphatically that it had ever violated the laws, and characterized any assertion to the contrary as "untruthful and unjust." It takes up Mr. Garfield's allegations in detail, explaining or denying each of them. With regard to the alleged refusal of the New England roads to prorate there seems to be a difference of opinion between the Standard Oil Company and the railroads. The Standard's statement says that "the New England roads believe they can make more money by a refusal to prorate"; the roads themselves deny that they have refused. Another manifesto, fairly foaming with incoherent fury, has been issued by Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, on behalf of his Standard Oil patrons. Dr. Day thinks that "anarchism in the White House is the most perilous anarchism that ever has threatened our country," and denounces the "amazing blunder" of the President in depreciating "the properties of the country, like those of the New York Central Railroad, Standard Oil, the Sugar and other corporations, by an *ex parte* condemnation and by sensational charges."

On the same day upon which the President sent his message to Congress, the Federal Grand Jury at New York brought in seven indictments against the New York Central Railroad, the Sugar Trust, and certain sugar dealers for violation of the Elkins Anti-Rebate Law. It also handed down a presentment in which it declared that the evidence indicated it to be "a fact quite generally known that the Elkins law as to the giving of rebates has been disregarded since the day of its enactment."

Now that the Supreme Court has given it access to the books of the corporations, the Interstate Commerce Commission has sent out hundreds of subpoenas for witnesses to testify in a most thoroughgoing investigation of the oil question, beginning at Chicago, May 10.

RISING FROM THE ASHES

Rebuilding has already begun in San Francisco. One-story frame houses are going up all over the ruined city, for temporary use by shopkeepers and for business purposes until the building laws can be readjusted. Not until then can any buildings intended to be permanent be begun

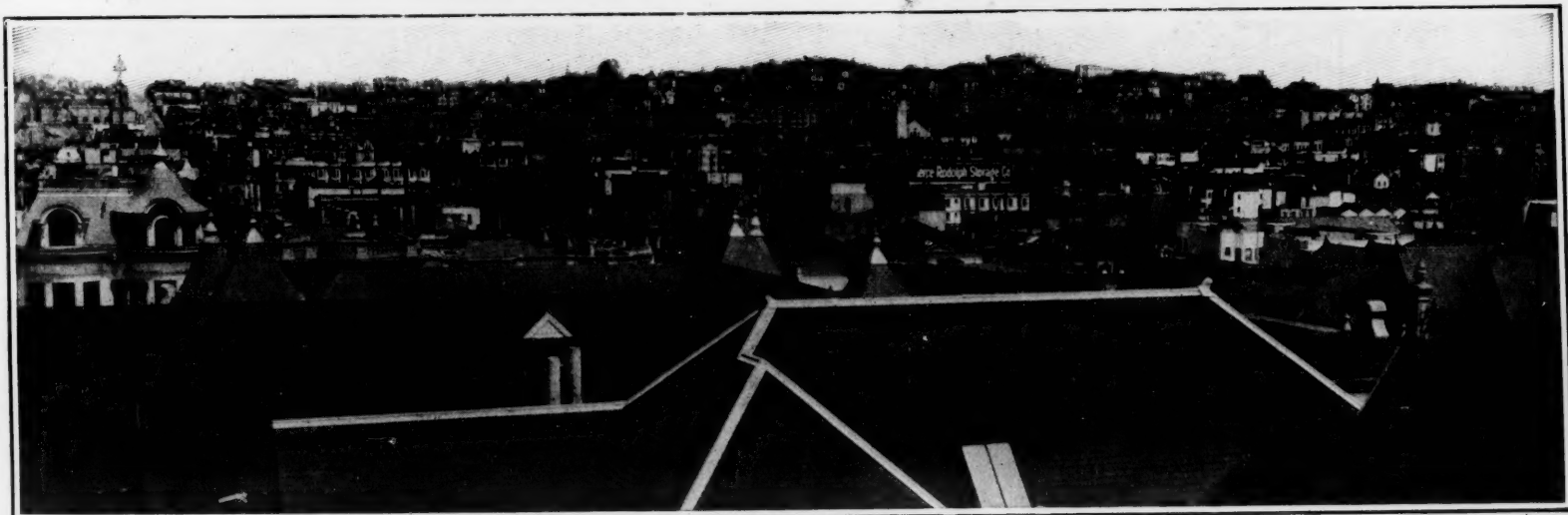
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE



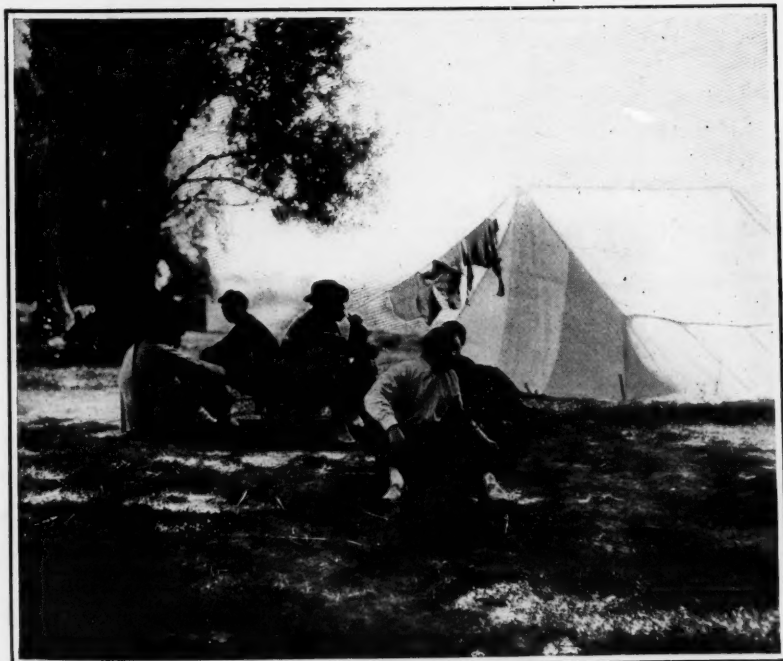
FRAME HOUSES RISING IN THE RUINS



OPENING A SAFE UNDER MILITARY GUARD



VIEW OF THE UNBURNT PORTION OF SAN FRANCISCO, SEEN FROM THE ROOF OF ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN'S RESIDENCE, ALAMO SQUARE



A CORNER OF THE CHINESE ENCAMPMENT, OAKLAND



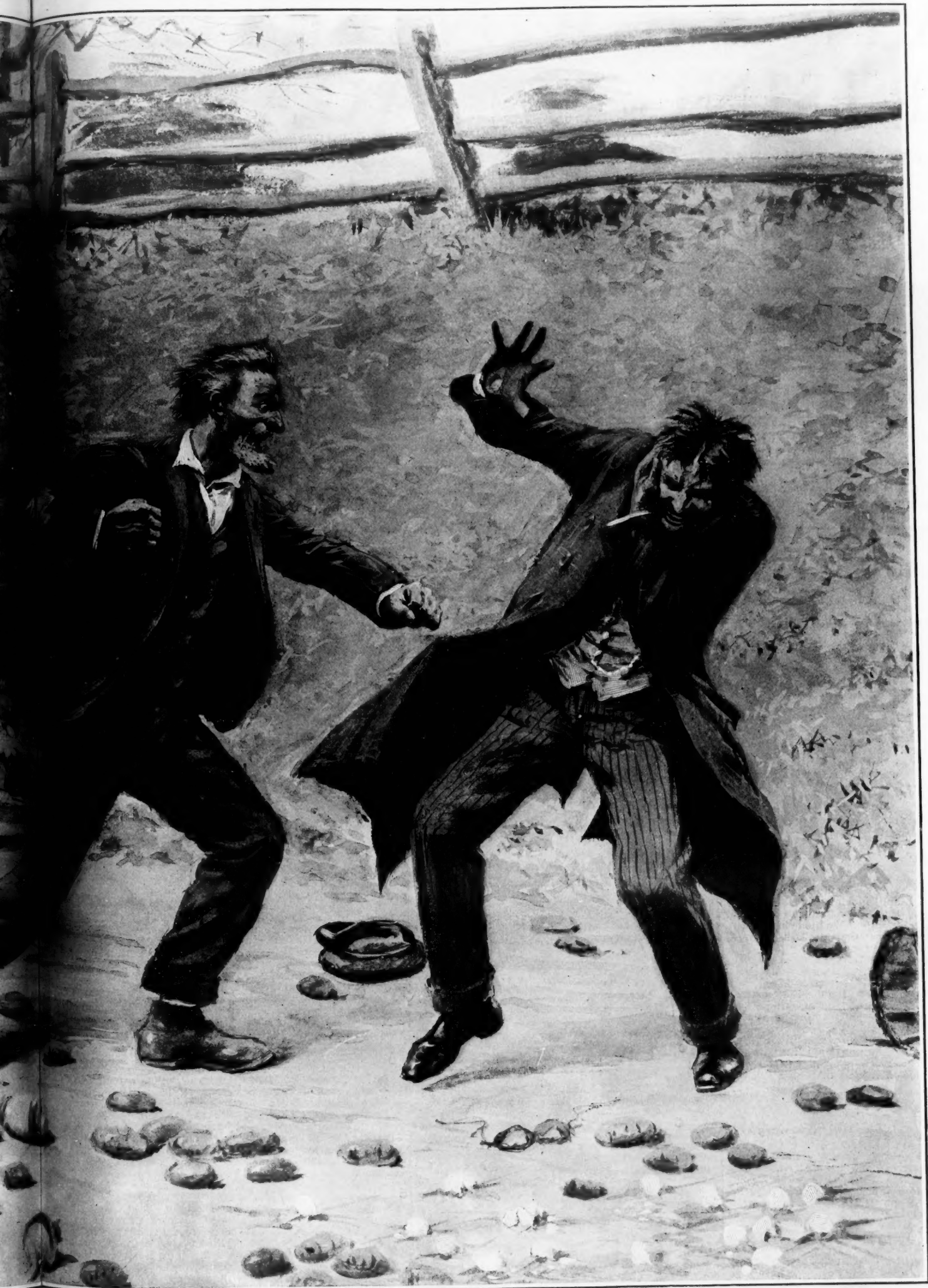
AN OPEN-AIR BARBER SHOP, FORT MASON: SHAVE, 15 CENTS



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GETTING

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST



NG EVEN

N BY A. B. FROST

SAN FRANCISCO RISING AGAIN

By FREDERICK PALMER

Collier's Special Correspondent



The Ferry House, at the foot of Market Street, which escaped destruction. As soon as military passes were no longer required, this spot became the most congested in the city

This is the third and last of Mr. Palmer's series of articles describing the existing conditions in San Francisco. He tells here of the present needs of the people and pictures the long struggle with adversity with which they are face to face



The man in command
Major-General Greely, U.S.A.

"What a people!" said the German traveler in the section next to mine. He was on his way to take a steamer across the Pacific. The train was crowded with 'Friscoans returning to the wreck of their fortunes. "What a people! Here their city is in ruins, and they are talking of a World's Fair in 1913."

I saw him again a week after our arrival. His steamer had not yet gone because it was having difficulty in provisioning: crowds of refugees were departing by every train. He was looking at the first poster to be put on the boards since the fire—a poster laid over bills of plays in theatres that were ashes. It declared that everybody must get to work to make 'Frisco a city of a million population by 1915, and incidentally told you the best medium of advertising. Two hurrying men with "Greater San Francisco" labels in their hatbands went hustling past us as I stopped to speak with the German.

"What a people!" he repeated. "And very likely they will do it."

Returning to New York in less than three weeks after the earthquake, as I look over the morning papers I wonder if the city at the gateway of the East and the city at the gateway of the West can possibly belong to the same country. You turn over the pages to an inside column to find anything about the great seaport which is in ruins and where over a hundred thousand people are living on rations dispensed from a public bread-line.

The Spirit of 'Frisco

"What a people!" I repeat with the German. "Even the greatest catastrophe in the history of the United States can not hold our attention for long. For a few days every bit of information was welcome. Now we turn to other things just at the moment when San Francisco itself begins to comprehend its own situation and faces the most amazing problem that has ever confronted any American municipality.

From the descriptions of the disaster which I have read you might judge that the fire swept steadily forward in one unbroken line from water's edge to water's edge of the peninsula of which the ferry at the foot of Market Street is the toe. On the contrary, the approach was irregular and spasmodic, rushing for a space through a block of wooden buildings, halting again in the face of skyscrapers or structures of stone. There were times before one-third of the eventual damage was done when the use of the city's usual water supply for a half-hour would have altogether stopped the march of the flames. You can not fight an earthquake; you can not fight fire without water. But you may

triumph over their results. The combative spirit of the San Franciscans rose the higher because of their helplessness. On Wednesday, earthquake day, they were saying defiantly: "The Almighty can't beat us unless He slides us into the sea. We will rebuild our city better and bigger than ever." On the second day they were saying: "Hurry up and put out the fire so that we can start building." On the third day they were saying: "If you don't put it out soon we shall have nothing to start with."

Part of the City Still Stands

The unconquerable quality which makes empires; that quality which a people must ask themselves if they still possess whenever they take account of stock, was found still alive in our country. Archbishop Riordan has best expressed San Francisco's attitude by a historical parallel. His church suffered the heaviest loss of any single corporation. As a young priest he had been through the Chicago fire and the terrible winter that followed. It was an impressive moment when this white-haired prelate appeared before the committee of strong men who had brought order out of chaos. He told the story of how when

the Carthaginians were besieging one gate the Romans sent through another gate an army to the pacification of a rebellious province; and the old Archbishop looked like a Roman himself, as he dedicated his declining years to the work of reconstruction which the citizens had projected, while their homes, offices, and factories were still in flames.

While Mr. Hare was making photographs of the burned district he also made one of the unburnt district. All San Francisco is not destroyed by any means. There is enough left "to start with." Except for fallen chimneys, broken plastering, and the wreck of a few buildings which were on "made ground," the neighborhood of Golden Gate Park is the same that it was before the fire. Whenever I emerged from this section the sudden appearance from one of the hills of the four square miles of ruins always came to me with a keener shock of surprise. San Franciscans told me that they felt the same way.

Time was required—the time that it takes nerves to readjust themselves from a wonderland of horror to the realities of desolation—to comprehend the magnitude of the catastrophe. You came fresh to the vista of destruction on each occasion, expecting to find that this terrible thing had been a part of a nightmare which would be dispelled now you were awake. It seemed impossible that you should not find Market Street as it was before, and sit down to a chat and a cool drink in the court of the old Palace Hotel after your sight-seeing tour of Chinatown. But Market Street was a trail in a desert; the walls of the Palace Hotel were being blasted lest they should fall on to the heads of pedestrians, and Chinatown was not a distinctive part of the four square miles of ashes and mortar-crusted bricks, and iron, costly steel girders turned into scrap.

The Food Problem

Before 'Frisco can be rebuilt the debris of the building material which has been accumulating for fifty years must be removed. This of itself represents an expenditure of energy which would go far toward the excavation of Culebra Cut, while the sum total of property lost, now estimated at \$300,000,000, represents twice the estimated cost of the proposed lock canal at Panama.

But before even the removal of the debris could be properly begun, 'Frisco must be fed; every day there flowed into the town, as into every town, the day's provender. The source of supply was not stopped; it was only discontinued. The situation was the same as having your dinner on the other side of an unfordable



Ex-Mayor Phelan and Mayor Schmitz
These former enemies have become zealous co-workers



The weak brother
Governor Pardee, of California

stream when a bridge was broken. For example, the Relief Committee had on hand more milk than it could use immediately, because it had no way of delivering the usual morning quota.

Sending food from the Eastern States to California was like sending coals to Newcastle. Yet this seemed never to occur to the people of the East in their ambition to assist in the hour of suffering in any way they could. It is small wonder that 'Frisco preferred, instead of supplies from distant points, to have the money which could be expended on the spot. Nor is it strange that the local committee—on its nerves from working night and day, while it neglected personal interests for the interest of the whole—was a little put out when a man at the head of an unofficial organization arrived with authority from the President to take charge of all relief work.

The manner of making contributions and offering assistance was as chaotic as the conditions which were precipitated in the city by the earthquake and fire. Everybody on the outside had his own way of helping. At the moment when the outside world supposed that 'Frisco had twenty millions of relief money there was in the hands of the Finance Committee and Dr. Devine of the Red Cross about seven millions actually paid in. It was announced that Rockefeller had given a hundred thousand, and the Standard Oil the same amount, but the regular authorities received only twenty thousand of this. John D. spent it himself through his local agents; how, I could not ascertain. Others did the same. The many different relieving agencies led to conflict, which put the hobos and free-lunch grafters in clover, embarrassed General Greely and the Red Cross in establishing a system which would give relief where relief was needed and withhold it where it was not needed. One is slow to suggest that any one would seek advertising out of the succor of a stricken people. But there is William R. Hearst. To read his chain of papers you would think he had relieved 'Frisco himself. Over in Oakland you had no difficulty in finding the William R. Hearst Camp.

Immense signs pointed the way, but when you reached the famous spot you saw only a few tents which were a flyspeck on the work as a whole. The maternity hospital, where a hundred dollars was given to the mother of each earthquake infant born under its roof, had the largest sign of all. However, it became evident that a limit must be established, when a newly married couple, belonging to the prolific Slav race, asked for what length of time the offer held open.

At first relief was indiscriminate. The plain and obvious duty was to feed everybody that stood in the bread-lines regardless of whether he was a hobo or a millionaire. In charge of that leonine task of those first days of restoring the connections between the mouth and the larder, when more than a quarter of a million people were homeless, were two young lawyers, John R. Drum and Oscar Cooper. They knew that the abuse of privilege would be inevitable, but they could not wait on that. Of course, the repeater who went from station to station would reap a harvest which made all "yeggmen" look upon the earthquake as a blessing. The wife of an Italian laborer had secured no less than forty Government blankets. This case was extreme but illustrative. The thing accomplished was that no one who would stand in the bread-line after the first day actually went hungry; and the abuse of public largess is perhaps a warning to some of our extremists who believe that the State should feed and clothe everybody.

The next step was to limit relief only to those who were helpless. For any one with a practical knowledge of humanity will understand that you will not urge some types of workmen toward employment when you feed them free. There was work enough in sight for the able-bodied man after the first two weeks, and his share of public duty was to take advantage of it; or if he would not, he had the alternative of going hungry, as he would in any other community. In order that none of the sick or helpless should suffer, a thorough-going organization, for which there was no like precedent, was required. The business of registration of the names of those who deserved relief, and of checking them off from day to day, was put in the hands of the Red Cross officials who had come from the East. The local distribution of supplies was left to local committees and organizations; the receipt and the application of funds was in the hands of the Sub-Committee of Finance of the Citizens' Committee of Fifty; while the bulk of the work was undertaken by the army, which had charge of the purchase and the general distribution of supplies, and the maintenance of order and those sanitary regulations among a cosmopolitan population which was reduced to the same primitive conveniences of life that an army has in the field.

For the army and the navy this earthquake and the fire have been worse than war. The part that General Funston and General Greely both have played has been entirely out of constitutional purview of the army's duty. In the absence of General Greely,

commander of the Pacific Division, General Funston, in command of the Department of California, acted on his own initiative in a manner which I have already described in a previous article. But for Funston's prompt action it is more than likely that the city would have been sacked. That policy of assistance which Funston undertook Greely extended into a complete organization, but not until the Mayor and the Committee of Fifty had directly asked him to do so.

Soldiers Are Still Needed

This put Greely in the position of acting beyond the authority of a Division General, whose policy had not yet been ratified by the War Department, on the demand of a municipality in distress. In other words, a radical democratic trades-union mayor wanted a temporary extension of power on the part of that dreaded arm of autocracy, an army, which the conservative head of the War Department was loth to give. But if San Francisco was to be saved from a plague of typhoid fever it was to be done by the application of military measures with the army medical corps in charge; and if order was to be maintained it must be maintained by other than the local police forces, which were wholly inadequate in point of numbers. Moreover, in this crisis the State Government showed itself worse than useless. The city would have been in anarchy before the State Guard could have reached the scene, no matter if its conduct was not such as to bring a request for its recall from the people of the city at the same time that they demanded more regulars. Personally, my sympathies are rather with Governor Pardee. He is the product of a time when it is not thought necessary to have a strong and an able man as Governor of a State. For head of the State Board of Health you want "one of the boys" who does not believe in interference with the vested interests which manufacture patent medi-

as a result of the shock of the earthquake and the flight from the fire was that it cured more nervous patients—Mother Eddy, please note!—than it brought to the hospitals. Some chronic invalids owe their cure to excitement. They were so amazed by their own activity that they have found it not worth while to get sick again, especially as they no longer have comfortable homes and beds in which to nurse their ailments. Where people were mentally affected by the catastrophe they frequently went quite out of their heads; and of downright insanity there were several cases.

The danger of an epidemic will have passed when San Francisco has her sewers in working order again. But the fear of disease in the mind of the average man was slight beside a fear which recalls the adage about the burnt child. No news could have been as terrible as that a building was in flames. For days after the disaster there was no water with which to fight a fire if one should break out in the unburned section. Half the chimneys were tumbled down, and a much larger percentage were unsafe as a result of the shock. The chimneys must be repaired before the people could bring in their stoves from the street where for three weeks they had done their cooking; a community which was in Egyptian darkness must have its lighting system put in order; transportation facilities must be restored; and all these things were preparatory to the removal of the debris in order to make a foundation for the rebuilding. For the Greater 'Frisco will not rise in a night as the old 'Frisco went down. Its reconstruction, even if capital comes in plenty, means a task whose immensity the population, coming to its senses after the shock, was only just beginning to realize.

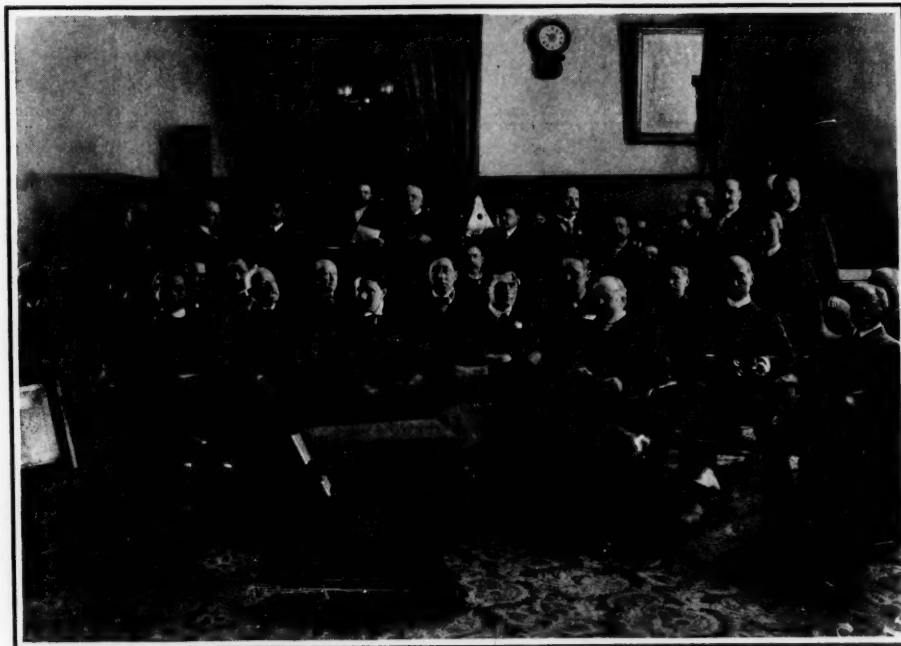
For ten days after the fire not a single street car was running in the heart of the city proper. You walked or you rode in an express wagon rigged up as an omnibus, and in this way you soon came to realize what a stretch of territory the four square miles of burnt area is. The man on a horse or in an automobile was not out for pleasure; he was in royal luck to have a means of conveyance. Market Street was never so crowded as on the first day that the people were allowed to move about without passes. Then the horses and the vehicles came back. When the owners had heard of the practise of Governmental requisition they slipped across the county line, and a bargain had to be made with the union to bring enough back for the transportation of food supplies. But now that the ban was removed the first business to which they put themselves was tourist traffic. I am sure that one man who took me across the city was not a regular cabman; nor had the surrey in which I flew along behind two good horses been previously a public conveyance. This was all the stock in trade the owner had left, and he sang out for passengers as loudly as the old hands.

It was in the lull after the restoration of order and before work had really begun that the public turned from horror to sight-seeing. People crowded in and out under the warped tower of the ferry building which they would not approach for fear of its falling a few days before. You could ride up Market Street on an improvised board seat of an express wagon for twenty-five cents.

I do not know that barbers and hokey-pokey men are the most enterprising members of the complex system of modern society when a tremor of the earth's crust resolves it back to its simple elements, but certainly they were the first, after the teamsters, to ply their business in the neighborhood of the ferry, and the first sign that I saw there was, "Shave, Fifteen Cents"! As a start in the way of removing the debris from the burnt district male 'Frisco had the debris removed from its chin; and 'Frisco was thirsty, as the man with soft drinks for sale knew that 'Frisco would be. Hard drinks were not to be had.

It was the fate of the Mayor, who favored a wide-open regime, by his proclamation to make 'Frisco tighter shut than she ever had been since the first Spanish padre settled down in the new land of the vine. The sad boast of men with red noses was that they had taken the pledge—from the moment that the saloons were closed. Despite the amount of whisky that is drunk for health's sake, the absence of it caused no illness so far as I know.

Schmitz himself took out the first street car that was run after the fire. A small boy expressed the opinion that he was an "all-right Mayor" but a "bum motorman"; however, he showed the same wisdom that he had throughout the crisis by taking the advice of an expert who was at his elbow. The crowd which lined the pavements cheered him and they cheered the good augury, for the movement of the car was as joyful tidings as the restoration of circulation to a frozen limb. It meant that the earth had not fallen out of its orbit and was still revolving on its axis, fires and earthquakes to the contrary notwithstanding. For the first day that the partially restored transit system was working everybody was allowed to ride free; that is, everybody who could get a foothold and a handhold aboard. Then the "deadheading" was limited to women and children, and later to only those who had relief passes.



The Men who Brought Order out of Chaos

Some members of the famous Committee of Fifty which Mayor Schmitz appointed on the day of the earthquake. He turned for advice to leading citizens, and overlooked the Board of Supervisors who had been elected on his Socialist ticket

cines. It is punishment enough for Pardee to go down in the history of his State as "the weak brother."

Where the Governor failed to act and the State Board of Health stood supinely by, the Mayor did act, and he knew where to turn for sanitary assistance. In the Spanish-American War the San Franciscans had some cause to regret the existence in the city of a military reservation which filled the streets with soldiers on leave. To-day it is thankful for this tree-clad space which furnished camp room for the refugees. From the General Hospital, which opened its doors to receive the injured and the sick, Colonel Torney directs the sanitation of the city.

That signal corps which Greely organized as its old chief laid its wires over the burnt district as over a battlefield. The navy patrolled the wharves and the warehouses on the wharves which its tugs helped to save. A section was left to the National Guard, which the Governor refused to withdraw on the Mayor's request. The remainder of the city was divided into districts with subsidiary commanders under Funston.

New Cure for Hysteria

The refugees at the time of my departure, April 30, were being gradually removed to the two main camps of the Presidio and Golden Gate Park, where they could the more easily be regulated and health conditions were better. Their tents were being arranged in streets with numbers, military fashion; and thus San Francisco was in need of a new city directory. Sanitary inspectors were on sharp lookout for violations. The registration under Dr. Devine was reaching a point where the deserving were fast being separated from the undeserving. There had not yet been time for typhoid fever to develop, but barring that danger, there had been less sickness than anticipated.

Possibly the most interesting pathological revelation

For years the public had fought the idea of overhead trolleys on Market Street. But immediate repair of the cable system was out of the question. In places the earthquake had driven the sides of the cable slot together and in others separated it, while in still others the fire had warped it into serpentine curves. The Mayor was ready to give any kind of a permit in order to secure some kind of transportation. So the United Railways began stringing wires on Market Street at once; and the first through train that ran from Omaha to San Francisco was not greeted more joyously than the first overhead trolley car that ran down the main street to the ferry.

This is only one feature of an upheaval of public opinion on all questions. We know that at the outset the men who put lines of steel across the plains were regarded as benefactors. It was then a case of anything to get a railroad. That they were not quite single-minded in their benefactions was shown by the way they watered their stock and juggled with rates. The Mayor, whom the "better element" called a pariah, is to-day working hand in hand with the millionaires and promoters who once refused to sit at the same table with him, and whom he bayed in his campaigns. San Francisco has lost three hundred millions of actual value in property less the insurance, which, if it is all paid, can not be more than one-third of the amount.

Where is the Money Coming from?

"Who is going to furnish us the three hundred millions in order to replace the buildings and the furnishings and the stocks that have been destroyed?" is the concrete and practical question which every San Franciscan asks to-day.

I suppose that if ours were a Socialistic State instead of an individualistic federation of commonwealths, money for the rebuilding would come out of the public treasury. But now it must come out of the pockets of those capitalists, who, trusting in the future of the stricken city, see a good investment there. This disaster has shown us how our captains of wealth and industry are masters of the land. As head of the Southern Pacific, Harriman was the biggest of them all in 'Frisco's eyes. The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe as well carried refugees away from the city free of charge. The public did not ask what the Board of Supervisors was doing. Everybody had fairly forgotten the City Fathers upon whom theoretically should have fallen the duty of reorganization. Their own Mayor brushed these professional politicians aside and turned to what are known as the "influential men." What would Harriman do? How much capital would he bring to reconstruction? Would the Crockers and the Spreckelses rebuild? What was the attitude of the New York banks and Eastern financiers generally?

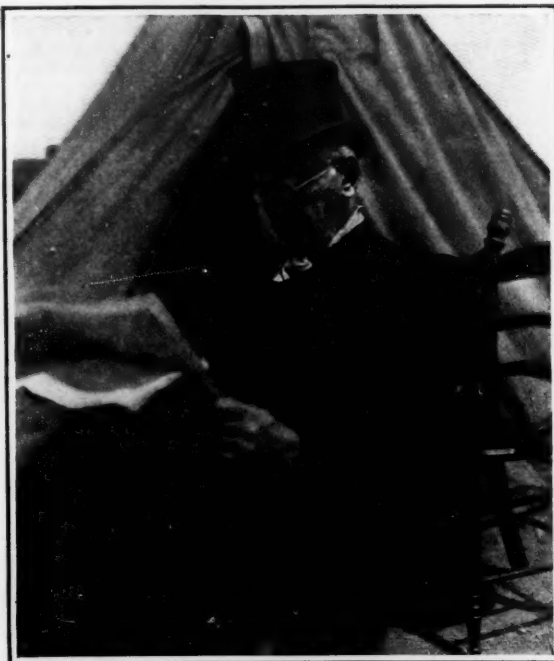
Of course, Harriman was an optimist. With only half of its old population, the city would be only half as valuable to the Southern and the Union Pacific. Of course, every real estate owner was an optimist. Land on Market Street is worth a hundred dollars a front foot only because it is in the heart of a city, not because it is good land for raising vegetables. The rapidity with which San Francisco will be rebuilt, then, firstly resolves itself into a question of the ability of the big men to bring outside capital, which means in a word public confidence in the city's future throughout the United States; secondly, into the question of enough labor at reasonable rates, and finally the speed with which material for building can be furnished.

No city has been so thoroughly unionized as 'Frisco. The unions had their own Mayor Schmitz. Much depends upon whether or not he will allow his unionist predilections to precede his patriotic interest in San Francisco as a whole. Again and again I have heard men of all classes say that the future of the city rested with the man who three years ago was the leader of a theatre orchestra, and to-day probably could be reelected by almost a unanimous vote.

It is not capital or labor which is hardest hit. The large owner will get money on loan with the return of public confidence; he will rebuild and prosper. The heaviest burden is for the middle class. Manual and skilled labor will be in instant and continual demand. But the man in a small way of business, whose trade and capital are the result of years of plodding, finds the outlook most dismal. The shock of misfortune may have disheartened him. Not every one had the spirit of the middle-aged man who went into the cab business with the family surrey.

"Youth," as one observer said to me, "seizing the opportunity which this even start for everybody means, will push the weak and the mediocre to one side, and we shall have a new set of small merchants and dealers." "But it is not an even start," one old man complained. He was right. It is not unless you are over

fifty. Scores of couples who were past the meridian of life, with a small income, enjoying California's kindly climate and their repose, find their livelihood cut off. The labor bosses will pass them by as unfit for shoveling debris or laundry work. While the mechanic need not walk a block in order to get work, the old clerk may look in vain for a position when his former employer has neither office nor shop, and will not resume business for months if he resumes at all. These, and the superannuated mechanic as well, will hold the most



J. P. Bogardus, Editor of the "Figaro"

This veteran newspaper man was a Forty-niner, and has been an editor since 1850. He came originally from New York. In the fire he lost his presses and all other property. He is 81 years old, and intends "to rebuild"

vivid memory of the two nights when the black streams of people fell back before the red glare of the advancing flames. Those who have friends have usually gone to them, and many will probably not return.

To be Rebuilt Fire-proof

When the leaders of men among this great urban population were speaking most confidently of the future, they were beset with the fear of the migration of the thousands to other cities. Their first move to establish the confidence of the people as well as of capital, was to prove conclusively that the fire can not happen again. For the fire did most of the damage, not the earthquake. The fire chief who was crushed under a fallen building and did not survive to lead his men in battle, is reported as having said that he never answered

fire and shock best. The ban which the Board of Supervisors put on that at the request of the trades-unions will be removed.

If the weak-hearted who are leaving town say, "One earthquake is enough for me," the strong-hearted answer, "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place." Oakland is only across the bay, and there they are turning hotels into office buildings for temporary occupancy by the thousands of tenants of the office section of San Francisco, which was totally destroyed.

The piers, which remain unharmed except by the earthquake, form a rim around the burnt section, and they are in order to receive shipping.

Yes, there is much to "start with." The Mayor has found that he can do his work just as well in a frame building where lodges meet as in the magnificent graft-built City Hall which was shaken to pieces by the reform wave of the earthquake. San Franciscans generally have been surprised to find what a lot of waste room there was in the residential section which is unburnt. Necessity makes quarters that would once have seemed cramped now spacious. The parlor of your ten-room house can be turned into an office, and you have only to put a sign across your front window to be regularly in business again, while you can use the cellar and some of the bedrooms for storing goods if you choose.

Business Goes Merrily on

The largest department store in the city was already established in a mansion on Van Ness Avenue before the ruins of the block which it had originally occupied had ceased smoking. In big letters on white bunting over the porch, old customers are informed that two hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock is already on its way from the East; meanwhile, consignments of goods which were en route when the fire occurred are already displayed. There is plenty of space on the lawn in which to extend business under canvas. Fillmore Street, formerly a street of small shops—where you could run into the corner grocery and get anything you needed immediately without sending downtown—was once to Market Street what One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street is to Broadway, but has suddenly become the foremost business thoroughfare of the city. The man who formerly had a suite of rooms in a skyscraper now shares a dentist's office or takes a floor over a shop. The privacy which was once essential to him is forgotten. He works elbow to elbow with his clerks and stenographers. It is marvelous with what rapidity force of circumstances will make humanity adapt itself to new conditions. What seemed necessities yesterday have to-day become the luxuries of a past age. One reason why the new San Francisco may surpass the old in population and wealth lies in the absolute concentration of all thought and effort on material affairs. Formerly, 'Frisco enjoyed its leisure probably as much as any city in America.

Fillmore Street is as busy as the main street of Montpelier on the day of Admiral Dewey's home-coming to his native town. As for rents on Fillmore, and in the business section of Oakland, the average man who has leased his place is wondering if he could not have had double the rent he receives, if he had been bold enough to ask for it. Some, but not all landowners, kept faith. With the retailers the rule was universal to charge the same prices as before, although their stock vanished almost as rapidly as the piles of relief stores. One stationer in Oakland put up a sign: "No, I won't sell more than one roll of films to anybody at any price, but I will sell one roll to each customer at the regular price. I want every amateur photographer to have at least one shot at the ruins." Thus almost universally the spirit of fair play overshadowed greed.

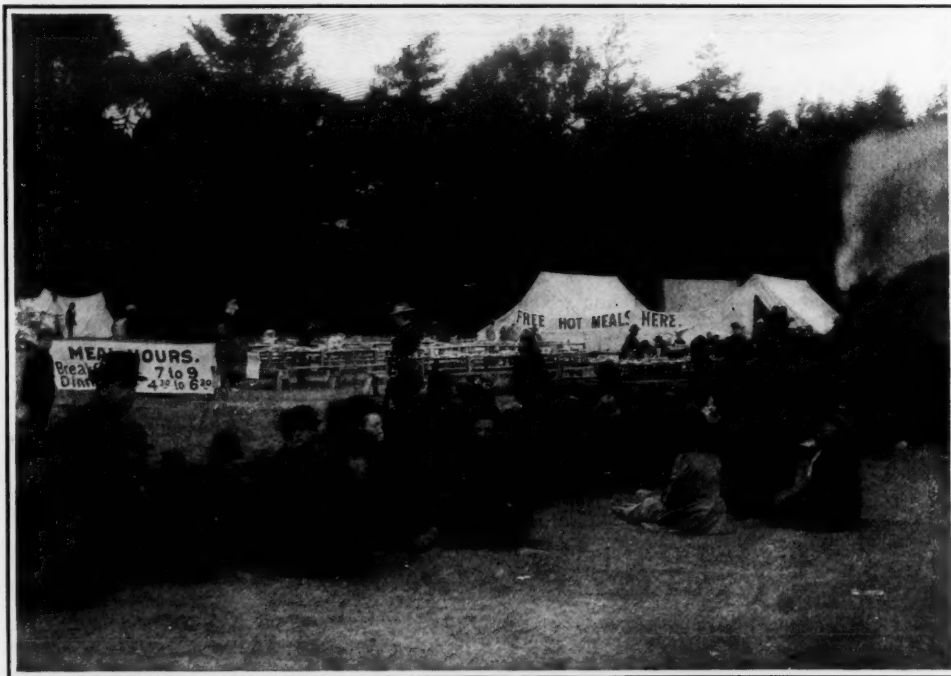
Meanwhile, the railroad companies were laying spur tracks with a rapidity which made the German exclaim again: "What a people!" To remove the debris by cartage to the wharves would require six months. American genius for organization would never consider such a method for a moment. With inclines along the spur tracks, where the teams can dump their loads into the cars, it is a question of only a month or six weeks to dispose of the remains of the material which San Francisco was fifty years in forming into a city.

The Mayor immediately granted permits for temporary one-story buildings of corrugated iron or wood, which were to serve the same purpose as the tent in which the pioneer lives while he is building his cabin. "I have the first building up south of Montgomery Street," said one of the men who had

crossed the continent on the same train with me. But it was the first only by a matter of a few hours, for I found several others under way the next morning; while signs here and there confidently promised more.

Six months from now San Francisco will be a boom town with a repetition of its pioneer days in appear-

(Continued on page 30)

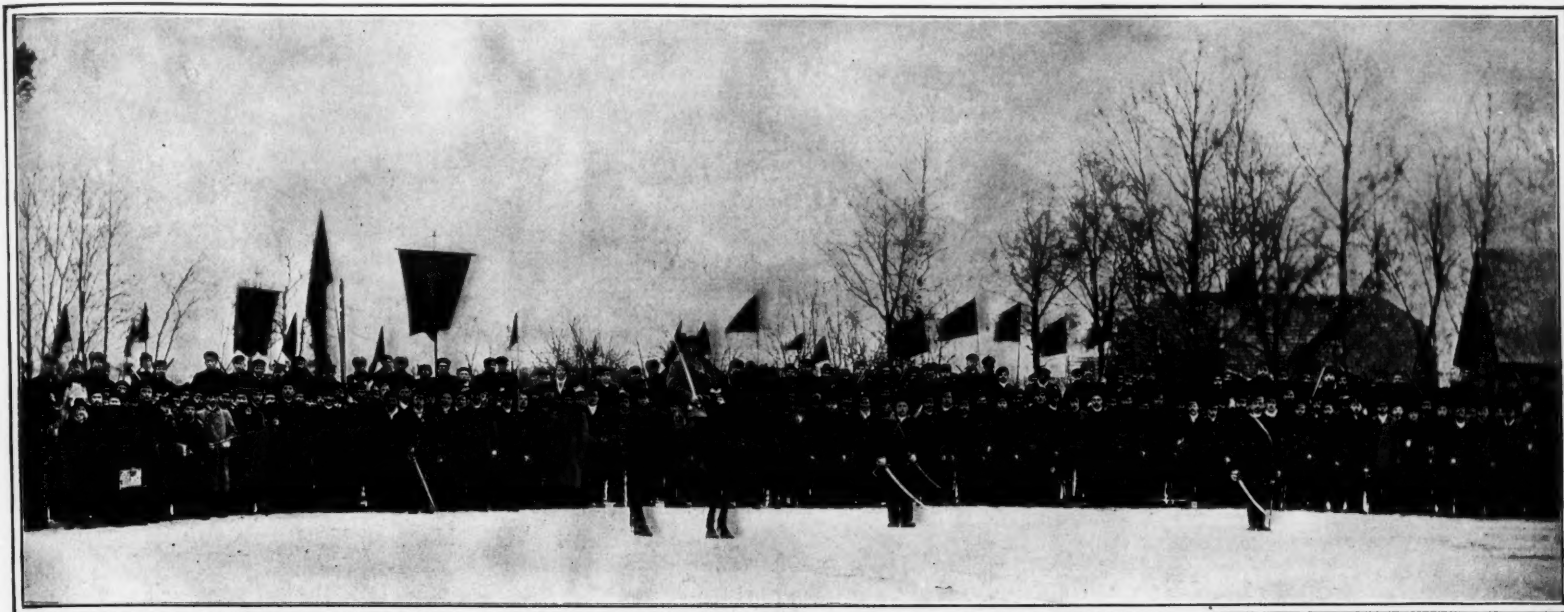


The Los Angeles Relief Committee's establishment in Golden Gate Park

an alarm without the fear that many blocks instead of a building might go. Of course, the skyscraper is safe, but a city is not made of skyscrapers. They are the expensive exceptions, and command rent which only the well-to-do can pay. After the monster steel frames, it was found that reinforced cement stood both

THE "MINUTE-MEN" OF RUSSIA

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE CAREER OF THE FOLKSGUARD, BY HOWARD BRUBAKER



THE "GUARD OF THE PEOPLE" OF THE TOWN OF SALISBURG

These patriots thought that the golden age of liberty had come,—having established their Baltic Republic. They marched out to the public square and were photographed. Then came Orloff and his Cossacks, and in spite of attempts to destroy all the prints of the picture, the Government secured one. From it were recognized the officers of the Guard. These were all executed. The privates who could be recognized, and caught, are on their way to Siberia. The photograph from which this cut was made is the only one in existence, besides the copy in the Russian Government's possession. It was smuggled out of the Baltic Provinces by Collier's correspondent



A Country Gendarme

Duke assassinated, a battleship in mutiny—and then repression and bitter reaction.

"What will come of it all?" we asked despairingly.

"There will be uprisings here and there," Norodny answered. "Perhaps they will come when the plowing begins, perhaps not until the snow comes again and the taxes. But the hope of Russia is the Guard of the People. Soon they will rise, all over Russia."

Then this kindly, quiet man with the pallor of prison still on his face gave us his new message—told us his story of the Guard of the People, a story of organization, of efficiency, of accomplishment.

Nobody knows just where the idea had its birth. Perhaps it was among the prisoners of "Peter and Paul," that great grim fortress where the best and bravest of Russia have paid the penalty of their crime—the love of freedom. Its keynote was organized, armed resistance; its object was to unite the soldiers and marines, regulars and reserves, Social Democrats and Social Revolutionists, into a great military organization, to combat the military power of the Czar, not with speeches, but with arms. The army and navy would be called upon to mutiny, to turn against the Government, to refuse to shoot down their revolting countrymen. The Socialists would distrust it, would call it bourgeois, but would give it their aid when the time for action came. The Liberals would rally to it when their hope for reform was gone. And the goal was freedom for Russia—freedom of meeting, of speech, of the press, of religion, and of the vote.

Organization of the Folksguard

The seeds of revolution were sown in the army by Ivan Norodny. Forced to leave Russia to avoid arrest for revolutionary activities, he was living in Berlin, in May, 1905, editing a paper called "Progress." It was printed on small sheets of very thin paper. They were enclosed in cigarette wrappers and supposed merchants distributed them among the soldiers. The paper was sent out in the Russian, Estonian, and Lettish languages. It told soldiers how to organize secretly the Guard of the People. The men responded eagerly. They organized in great numbers—privates and officers—even several generals. Organizations were effected first in the Baltic Provinces—in Riga, Pleskau, and Reval—and later in St. Petersburg. The marines of the Baltic fleet joined enthusiastically. The contagion spread rapidly. Finland rose grandly to the occasion with wild demonstrations of joy. Without bloodshed the army of Finland became the Guard of the People—the Red Guard, they called it. They were the pride of

the people, they would humble the tyrant, these thirty thousand with a red flower in each coat. The Russian soldiers in Finland joined openly, the generals fled to St. Petersburg. One only did not flee—a former general in the Russian army. He stayed to command the Red Guard of Finland. It is whispered that he will be the first commander of the Folksguard of all Russia.

Meanwhile the organization went on quietly and rapidly. There was skirmishing in Tookum, inspired by the arrest of the innocent wives of the revolutionists by the Cossacks. The local "Folksguard" came to the rescue, and four hundred Cossacks and many of the regular army officers were killed and the army put to flight. The Guard was in command of the town for ten days, but the Government sent artillery and infantry. The Folksguard was obliged to surrender, and the leaders escaped.

The Cronstadt Fizzle

At the end of October came the dramatic uprising at Cronstadt, one of the Czar's greatest strongholds. The Guard had been secretly at work, organizing the soldiers, stirring up discontent. The leaders decided upon a ruse to test their power over the soldiers—a power that would be used when the time was ripe for revolution. At midnight the drum sounded and forty thousand soldiers responded to the call. At the command of Norodny, who was in the uniform of a general, they took possession of the fortress. The officers, carousing in their clubs, and the policemen in the streets, were frightened and fled to St. Petersburg. The soldiers got beyond the control of their leaders, and began burning the Government liquor saloons. But soldiers were appointed as policemen and order was restored. The provisional military government levied a tax of three rubles on each merchant in the town to help the imprisoned mutineers. The merchants were pleased with the new régime and paid this very gladly. After three days the mutiny had spent its force, and the Government officials came back and took possession of the town.

It is difficult for the practical American mind to

understand the Cronstadt mutiny—it was so crude in its execution, so barren of results. But its leaders planned it as a means of education. Like the Boston Tea Party, it would arouse the people; like the destruction of the Bastille, it would give them a sense of power. But the leaders had underestimated their strength. To their own surprise they found themselves in peaceable possession of the great fortress. The rest of Russia was unprepared, and they could do nothing but quietly abandon their position.

In Kieff the Guard of the People started a demonstration in sympathy with the Cronstadt uprising. The artillerymen, who had become revolutionists, proceeded to the house of the Governor-General and forced him to send a message to Petersburg imploring clemency for the Cronstadt leaders. Cossacks and cavalry were called out, were marshaled in an imposing array, and were ordered to fire. They hesitated a moment, then the line broke, and they fled in wild confusion. The artillerymen, having gained their point, disbanded quietly. The strong right arm of despotism had struck for the people.

But the masterpiece of the Folksguard was this incredible thing—a republic in Russia! In all the revolution there is nothing more significant than that. It was a sober, constructive movement, coming out of a mad inflammable mass of protest.

The German Barons

The scene was in the Baltic Provinces where the love of freedom is old. Five centuries ago the Germans conquered this smiling land, settled in great estates, and made serfs of the people. A hundred years ago Russia took the country, but the German barons remained. They filled the high places in the Government and in the army. There are no Russian officials so reactionary and so cruel as these. In the minds of the Baltic people, the German barons and the Russian Government are one, and both are hated with the same deep, bitter hatred.

In November the leaders of the Guard arranged a meeting of deputies from the villages of the Baltic Provinces. The editors sent out the call during the period of the freedom of the press—that brief wonderful time when men spoke what before they had only dared to whisper. The Baltic Provinces are a nation of two races and two languages, and the deputies of the people assembled in two places—the Letts came to Riga, the Estonians to Dorpat—seven hundred deputies in each meeting.

These two conventions arranged a plan for self-government. They pledged themselves to refuse to obey Government orders, to drive out the officials and gendarmes from each village. In an in-



SAILORS GUARDING A GERMAN BARON'S CASTLE IN THE BALTIC PROVINCES

credibly short time the conventions had organized a republic: The First State of the Republic of Russia, they called it. It was modeled after the Swiss Republic. Its capitals were Riga and Reval. There was a Senate of lawyers and other educated men to make the laws of the Provinces. Each village was to have a local court. They began to issue money—silver one-ruble pieces, bearing the words "United Baltic Republic" and a pair of clasped hands. They adopted a red and black national flag.

The German barons fled from their estates in terror. The transformation went on quietly; one by one the villages joined the new Government, expelled the old officials, organized courts, gathered together in conventions. And each little village lavished its affection on its own Local Guard of the People.

Recent years have brought us nothing so dramatic as that—so full of hope and pathos. A bloodless peace came to the Baltic Provinces. The people were blinded by the brightness of the thing. They had whispered so long that they hardly knew how to speak aloud. They were emerging from oppression. They were the first State of the glorious Russian Republic!

The news came to America, tardy, garbled by the censors. But it flew over Russia swiftly, joyfully—Finland rejoiced at it and Poland was jubilant. It brought hope into farthest Siberia. The Powers at St. Petersburg heard it and trembled, and said that the thing must not be.

The Cossack Butchers

The Guard of the People, the National Army of the Baltic Republic, was also its weakness. It was almost without arms. Some of the revolting soldiers brought their arms into the new organization; some were secretly purchased; but these were not enough. In every village there were men eager to defend their new country—but with what? There was not sufficient strength to capture the Government banks and get back the money which was due the people, the nine million rubles which the authorities had stolen from the peasants' savings. The Government sent all its available forces into the rebellious Province. At the request of the German barons, Minister Witte sent Orloff and Besoborazoff, the cruelest of all the Russian generals, to put down the uprising. They came with the brutal Cossacks, with the bloodthirsty Tartars, inflamed with false stories. They ravished that beautiful country; prisoners were shot, homes were burned in the dead of night, wives and children were murdered. The Guard of the People were forced to give up the unequal fight and the leaders were obliged to escape from the country. The rebellion was put down. After an existence of one month the Baltic Republic was at an end.

Seldom has such hope and joy been followed by such bitter despair. In Salisburg, one of the villages of the Republic, the people had brought forth their idol, the Local Guard, and had its pictures taken. They believed

it all safe; they believed the days of tyranny and cruelty to be over forever; their enthusiasm knew no bounds. And then came the Cossacks and the end of the new Republic. The villagers destroyed most of their incriminating photographs, but the Government got hold of one negative—the Folksguard of Salisburg, resplendent with shiny swords and buckles. From the print the authorities recognized many of the villagers who were leaders in the movement. The prison has given back no word of them. It is believed that they were put to death.

The Guard of the People did not fall with the Baltic Republic. Although the country is passing through

basing their hopes of a general simultaneous uprising. This, they say, is the surest way to freedom without great bloodshed. The Cossacks are ignorantly and superstitiously loyal to the Czar and his Government. But they are only a handful to the great Russian army.

Every month sees new conquests for the People's Guard. In March, 1906, came the great dinner to the six thousand Life Guards of the Tsarskoe Selo. It is a brilliant annual festival—the Governors are always there, the high military officials, the Grand Dukes and their families, and in the former years the Czar himself. It is a spectacle scarcely to be equaled in all Russia.

This year there was a radical and unexpected change in the program.

Twelve o'clock came of the appointed day. The soldiers were there at great long tables at the barracks manège. The room was profusely decorated, the royal coat of arms and the Russian eagle were everywhere.

The noble guests had not arrived and the great military band struck up the Russian National Hymn. The minutes dragged by and still no royalty—no Grand Dukes, no brilliant uniforms and glittering scabbards. The whisper began to go round: "They are afraid."

The time came for the toasts. There was no great general to propose the Czar and his Guard; but there must be a toast!

Defection of the Guards

A soldier leaped to his chair, raised his glass high over his head and proposed it: "To the Guard of the People!"

There was a moment of confusion, then deafening cheers as they drank it—the six thousand bodyguards of the Czar. Out of the tumult came the cry: "The Election!"

What would the dinner be without an election? Every year the nobility chooses the commander of the Life Guards—one of the greatest honors in the Empire. But this time the soldiers voted. In another whirlwind they chose Ivan Norodny commander of the Life Guards—Norodny who was in far-off America in the aid of his party. They rioted in their newly-found franchise. They filled all the offices—sixteen of them. And the Government spies marked sixteen names for arrest and imprisonment. Then came universal simultaneous delirium. The Imperial Band, the finest of all Russia, was playing the "Marsellaise."

This was in Imperial Russia, in March, 1906, and these were the military bodyguards of the Czar!

This is the record of accomplishment of the Guard of the People. Finland has obtained freedom of speech and of the press, Cronstadt tested the infantry, Kieff the artillery. The Baltic Republic proved the governing power of the people, and now the very hiding-place of the Czar is threatened. The Guard of the People are gathering force for the great conflict. It will not be an experiment or a demonstration, but a well-organized, simultaneous uprising in all parts of Russia. Will the power of the Czar be able to prevail against it?



SOLDIERS GUARDING THE RAILWAY STATION AT REMERSHOFF

a period of great reaction, and the leaders are out of the country or in hiding, the work is going on. Every day more soldiers and civilians join its secret, silent ranks. Within the organization there are now fifteen hundred leaders. Each leader commands from ten to one hundred soldiers—either regulars or volunteers. These in turn are constantly organizing new groups among the men. Perhaps forty per cent of the Russian army are members of this secret organization. Many more are disaffected and will revolt on the slightest show of power. The army is returning from Manchuria defeated, discontented, ripe for revolt. Its coming means a host of recruits to the Guard of the People.

On this disaffection of the soldiers the leaders are

VERSES BY
WALLACE IRWIN

WHO'S ZOO IN AMERICA

SKETCHES BY
E. W. KEMBLE

GOVERNOR SAMUEL WHANGDOODLE PENNYPACKER

LIKE Noah Webster he reclines
Within his easy chair,
A-tapping Wisdom's sacred mines
And culling here and there;
Yet all he finds of perfect minds
Up to the present day
Are Moses, Plato, Socrates,
Himself and Matthew Quay.

He's written over fifty books—
And some are nearly good—
On Railroad Jobs, Successful Snobs
And Human Brotherhood;
And he can speak in French and Greek
On topics of the day
Like Moses, Plato, Socrates,
Himself and Matthew Quay.

Oh Philadelphia's Sabbath calm
Sits on his holiness
Until by chance his eyeballs glance
Across the Daily Press—
Then pale before his grumbly roar
Reporters flee away,
Who took in vain by words profane
The name of Him and Quay.



Yet soft he roareth since the hour
When good Saint Graft was hurled
By anger quick upon the Kick
That Echoed round the World,
And cautiously he goes by night,
And cautiously by day
For fear some ripe tomato might
Be aimed at Him or Quay.

But when again the heavens smile
And public wrath is spent,
When Philadelphia sleeps awhile,
Corrupted but content;
Then sadly Pennypacker comes
Forth to the graveyard gray
And lays a grateful wreath of plums
Upon the Tomb of Quay.

"O Master," 'twixt his sobs he saith,
"When all Cartoonists die,
When Editors all gagged to death
'Neath broken presses lie,
Four noble statues I'll erect
With public funds to pay:
The Gilded Hog, the Yellow Dog,
Myself and Matthew Quay!"

The CASTING OUT of ADONIRAM GOFORTH

BY
ALICE
MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATED BY
F. C.
RANSOM



A CHASTISEMENT WHICH HAD ITS COMPENSATIONS

"I LOVE you, Delora."

The young fellow's ardent eyes searched the quiet face; hungrily, desperately, vainly, they quested for some answering emotion there, as, with an embarrassment which was not all shyness, she said: "Yes—of co'se. Uncle Polk, he said—

—he told me that you'd ast him—" Her unresisting hand was caught and held. "Don't you—don't you feel thataway about me? Air ye going to tell me no?" The query came in a vehement whisper. Delora received it with distress and a hurried reassurance.

"Why, Don, I've done said yes—what mo' do you want?"

What more did he want! Worlds beyond worlds of things passionately desired struggled in Adoniram Goforth's soul for utterance. He felt locked out from the real Delora; for that there was no other Delora he could never believe. He could imagine her fiercely resentful, glowingly ardent, heavenly tender; in short, he could imagine the docile machine which he had won, alive in all its members, and divinely alive. He was not lacking in eloquence; and yet the subject was almost too large to be touched in immediate and reasonable speech. When, in a few broken, well-nigh incoherent sentences, he tried to show her his heart, his beloved answered not unkindly:

"I reckon hit ain't fittin' for us to be naming them things to each other now. I said yes."

She had said yes; there was the crux, there the hopeless barrier to any better understanding.

A quiet girl, yet with an inner glow to her brown eyes and smoothly blooming cheeks which promised real fire, whatever ardor Delora Crownover had was plainly not for Adoniram Goforth. And with such a lover her attitude of passive consent could but torture.

In the society of the mountains the forces of good and evil are arbitrarily, inexorably arrayed. Broad and deep is the dividing line between sheep and goats; no moral excellence, no liberal-minded righteousness, nothing but church membership, can rank one with the sheep. Adoniram had early made his choice. From the first his impulses were all in the direction of propriety; and he followed them with a force and vigor, a convincing enthusiasm, which were part of his nature.

His was the fiery spirit, the restless, active temper, of the born leader of men. He must move his fellows; he must see them swayed and dominated by himself. And where—in a mountain community—would such a temperament carry him but to a foremost position in the church? Since he emerged from childhood, Don had been the pattern, the admiration, the marvel of Little Shiloh Church.

He had seen experience meetings in tears as he talked—and now the one soul he cared to move was cold to him. He had been put forward for the few and humble honors that such a region as the Turkey Tracks can give a young man; and Delora, an orphan girl in her uncle's house, accepted him—dutifully! The natural man—that creature within himself which Adoniram had known but little, and which was only now beginning to rouse, to thrust up its rude, powerful, importunate features, uttering its desires and its rebellions—was galled, humiliated almost past bearing.

"Delora," her lover essayed once more, "do you know I've

loved you just so ever sence you was a little trick at old Pap Rambo's school, and me sitting over with the big boys, just a-watchin' ye, counting on the time when I'd grow up and wed you— Oh, Delora! and now you're mine—mine!"

His passion hesitated, chilled and disconcerted by her kindly, troubled uncomprehension. The interview—which his glowing fancy had anticipated so fondly—halted to its piteous close. The girl's eyes were full of quiet tears as she watched her handsome lover move down the path.

And now came the Reverend Mr. Dillard, to see how the suitor of whom he so warmly approved had sped in his wooing.

"He's the finest young man in the Turkey Tracks—Big and Little."

"Yes, Uncle Polk."

"He was under conviction when he was eight years old. He's been a perffessor sence he was sixteen; and he can give his experience in a way to make men old enough to be his father look right dumb and foolish."

"Yes, Uncle Polk."

"His gran'paw Wimby's place—his place now, mind ye that, every stick an' stone—is the best farm south of Big Buck Gap. And the old man left him money in bank, and a one-third intrust in Frazee's sto'."

"Yes, Uncle Polk," came the iterant answer; and—

"Look like I've got all the enthusiasm, Delory," said her uncle, trying to put something of the incongruity of this conversation into words. "Last time I was at Don Goforth's he had a line o' bee skeps as long as from here to Little Shiloh Church—patent skeps with glass in 'em, whar ye could jest look in an' see the bees a-workin'." What mo' a gal could ast for passes me."

"I wasn't wishing for any more," returned Delora simply, looking down; but an unconscious sigh stirred her bosom as she spoke.

The mountaineer is usually a taciturn being; when he is not this, he is a born orator, florid, fiery, overwhelming; irresistible as a pleader; a master of fierce denunciation and moving native eloquence. Of this latter type was Adoniram Goforth. And he was sent down to Garyville to use his powers with Judge Gillenwaters, the leading spirit of the county court, on behalf of a new highway much desired by the dwellers throughout both Turkey Tracks.



When he began to lose, they laughed

The Judge was spending the day at Double Springs, a small rural watering-place two miles beyond Garyville; and Adoniram found him seated with three others at a card table in the big office of the summer hotel. There were some coppers and nickels on the table, and the air was blue with tobacco smoke.

Adoniram had come down to forward his people's interests with Judge Gillenwaters, not to prejudice them in any way. Therefore, when the old gentleman, deep in his fun, and just a thought reluctant, said courteously: "I'm over here for a little spell of rest, Mr. Goforth; won't you have a game of euchre with us before we talk any business?" Adoniram hesitated to explain to him the sin and error of card-playing, as he would very promptly and capably have done under any other circumstances. For the invisible powers who decide, the momentary hesitation was enough. The next thing he knew, Adoniram was seated at the little table, Gillenwaters, as his partner, explaining various points of the game as they went along.

Never had the mountain-born lad's wits shown keener. The elder man glanced at him from time to time with shrewd, humorously approving looks, and: "You apprehend correctly, Mr. Goforth— A logical deduction, my dear partner— You are right, you are exactly right," as this novice mastered with wonderful ease the intricacies of the game—all strange and new to him, yet quickly seized and classified by those fine unspoiled powers which had heretofore devoted themselves only to serious matters.

It was never known by just what steps the things came about. Three or four games were played thus; then, as the Judge recalled it afterward, a message from his wife summoned him away for the time, and a friend of the two other players at the table took his place. When he returned an hour later, as he had promised young Goforth to do, he saw nothing of the lad in the office, on the piazza, nor anywhere about the grounds. He sat down and read his paper for a time. Finally, a sense of vague uneasiness prompting him, he rose and set determinedly about finding Goforth. He stopped the passing house servant with:

"Unc' Eph'um, have you seen anything of that tall, good-looking country boy that came this morning—the one I was talking to when I left an hour or so ago?"

The old negro chuckled. "Dey got 'im in numbah seb'n," he announced; "Marse Taylor Givens an' Marse Buck Standifer, an' little Fay'te Province—you know dat team—he-he! Dat white boy still a-playin' cyards, but he change' his company, an' I mighty skeerd he change his luck!"

The Judge hastened straight to number seven, rapped sharply at the door, and without waiting for reply jerked it abruptly open. There, as Eph'um had said, were the three; and there was the mountain boy. Upon the instant that Judge Gillenwaters threw wide the door, Adoniram, at the further side of the little table, and facing him, sprang to his feet, and laughed out long and loud.

When the Judge had parted with him scarce two hours earlier, young Goforth was collected, clear-eyed, only a bit whetted and warmed—a handsome, well-made country lad in his decent Sunday suit of sober black, such a figure as no American may look upon with scorn, since in it we all recognize the favored timber for presidents and statesmen. Now, he stood with overbright eyes and disordered hair, pale save for red spots upon his cheek-bones, and laughed exultingly in the older man's face. The others at the table looked both angry and sheepish.

"Beginner's luck," the Judge summed up the situation in two words. "I'm ready to talk roads to you now, Mr. Goforth."

"Oh, come," remonstrated one of the other players. "Goforth swore he'd never touched a card in his life; and he's just about broke this crowd—you give us a chance at our revenge."

The answer—unpremeditated, strange to his own ears—came from Adoniram: "I'm not going back to Garyville to-night; I'll see you gentlemen a little later, when I've had my talk with the Judge."

Turkey Tracks's emissary performed the errand upon which he had come, and performed it so well that

Judge Gillenwaters was again moved to admire. As the interview closed, he put out his hand to his companion and said kindly: "You'd be better off, young man, if you'd just go upstairs and pay those boys back such money as you've won from them. Some of them play like gentlemen, and some like—well, some don't. I call that bunch up in number seven a pretty tough crowd."

"Thank you—but I believe I can hold my own in it," said the mountain boy with a sudden tingling sense of freedom, and a lifting of the head. The Judge liked him for that speech, and for the glance that went with it, unfounded as he knew the confidence to be.

The two who had lost most heavily to Goforth were awaiting with a shade of anxiety the termination of his interview with the Judge. They conveyed him gaily up to a little hotel bedroom, more remote, where one of the four players sat upon the bed's edge, and two more on chairs borrowed from adjoining rooms. Yet there were a dozen gathered there to see Don Goforth "frail out."

Every idle fellow who had no proper—or even improper—concerns of his own was drawn by the report that "Taylor Givens and Buck Standifer are going to get even with that greeny that came down from the mountains and cleaned them out in six games. Perry De Freese is to be rung in on him—"

"Who?" the speaker would be interrupted. "Perry De Freese! Lord—that's too good! Go 'long—I'm a-coming, too."

Of his own people, those present were such as the boy would not ordinarily have associated with. They had come over from the store or in from the one street of the village on the report that Don Goforth was at the hotel a-playin' cards and carryin' on plumb scandalous. And now they lounged grinning about the walls, lank mountaineers; from above Garyville and Double Springs, men reputed to be moonshiners, and known to be dangerous persons—such men as breed and support feuds—thieves, outcasts, the dregs of the society into which he had been born, who yet knew him with that intimacy common to all rural communities.

While Goforth won, these were silent, or only perfunctorily triumphant over the discomfiture of the "city feller." When he began to lose, they laughed and bet freely and profanely on his staying powers. He heard the name of Polk Dillard mentioned; and with an oath—the first that had ever passed his lips—he turned upon the man who said that the preacher would refuse to give his niece to a gambler when the story should come home.

It was ten o'clock—a late hour to the mountain lad—before Don realized that the tide which set so steadily and irresistibly against him was not merely the luck of the cards. It was near midnight—and his farm was gone—when he had fully decided what it was. Twice an old man of most unsavory reputation had attempted to interfere, on the ground that he was kin by marriage to the Wimbrys (Goforth's mother's people); and twice had he been answered by a burst of profanity, which came easy now.

When conviction hammered itself home to Don that he had not only fallen from grace, but that he had fallen among thieves, and worst, most galling of all, had permitted himself to be fleeced, he turned from the board. The others were leaving, with noisy good-nights and promises of more play on the morrow—which was already here. Adoniram sat and stared before him at his empty hands. Once more Old Jate Frailey touched him on the shoulder. "Best come with me and git some lickin'," he counseled. "You need a dram."

A dram—a dram for Adoniram Goforth!

Yet the proposition found favor; those waiting saw his air of aloofness melt away. "I don't care a damn what I do!" announced the moral pattern of the two Turkey Tracks, the affianced of Polk Dillard's niece. "I'll learn that trick that was worked on me, and I'll—I'll—"

"You'd feel better right now ef you's about four parts drunk," said the elder man, philosophically, and Goforth did not dispute his dear-bought wisdom. Above the "dram," in Jilton's store, Jate offered an explanation of the night's proceedings in the comment: "You're jest your daddy over ag'in."

Those who heard this assertion were aware that Adoniram's father had been a wild duck—a young soldier, coming through the mountains, who married pretty Melissa Wimbray, shocked the entire community for a brief season by his picturesque wickedness, and died before he did worse. It flashed upon the memory of all present, when the son drew away with angry eyes, that gambling had been the father's pet vice.

Adoniram looked darkly upon the man beside him, and glanced out through the open door. With a curt good-night he turned abruptly, left the proffer of further drams and his companions, stood hesitating before the store for a moment, then strode into a short cut through the woods to Garyville.

Ere the two-mile walk was accomplished the dram began to offer counsel. It suggested that Adoniram had by no means exploited the possibilities of this new departure. The game alone made its strong appeal to the powerful raw youth of his mind—the type of mind that might well have developed into an astute general, or an able financier—but the dram urged that it were mere prudence and self-respect to win back the farm; while reprisals would be a novel and fiery delight.

Once launched, Don held a swift course. The new

day, looking in at the windows of that little den where the boy was crowded with six or eight of Garyville's disreputables, gleamed pale and cool about the flame of the smoky kerosene lamp, and found young Goforth a lost soul. He had plucked out the heart of De Freese's trick's mystery; but these with whom he now contended had tricks much cleverer.

II

HE went out from that place and that crew, and walked in the cool silence, the dew-drenched sweetness and freshness of the mountain glens. But not yet had these anything to say to him. He communed with his own soul, and cast the hasty vote upon the side of destruction. The boiling up of sleeping passions within his untired nature appalled him; that reference to his father constantly recurred to his mind; and he decided that he was helpless in the grasp of his hereditary instincts. He had surrendered at the very first beck of temptation; and he was now going headlong to perdition. That was it: he could not if he would turn back. His world had witnessed his disgrace. He fell not as another might fall; as his station had been a lofty one, his office to shine with a special effulgence, so his defection was shameful and damning.

Shocked, horrified, in a sort of frenzy—truly drunk on despair—this nature which at the best had never seen a middle course, ever demanding all or nothing, chose like Lucifer, since he could not lead in heaven, to captain the hosts of the damned; having lost place among his own kind, to be worse than the worst among those with whom he now belonged. In that small



"You've got a Jackson sort of skull"

mountain town there were no very profound abysses to find; but such as there were Adoniram the fiercely energetic sought.

It was not without secret and anguished lapses toward virtue that, throughout the following weeks, he made good his threat. But the forces well trained by a strong will for better things whipped him in—held him on the evil road. He gambled away almost everything which that first night had left to him. But he learned in a few days what the duller wits about him had labored for years to acquire; before all was gone he could fight on equal terms with the wolves that crowded around him, often snatching the morsel from them (with more added to it of their own) which they had first torn from him.

He learned to drink too—a man to be wholly lost and outcast must drink—and proved old Jate Frailey's word a true one: two or three, or half a dozen, drinks of the fiery raw liquor of the mountains (an electrifying grange to his clean, high-strung, nervous make-up) gave him sensations new and wonderful and delightful. When he was half drunk, he felt—for the first time since he had known Delora—a kingly indifference to whether she loved him or not. Sometimes he thought (when he was in this condition) that he should like to go and see that girl, pick a quarrel with her, and strike her. Again, the happy conceit visited him that he would bear her in hand till the wedding was in progress, and deny her at the altar. Or—darkest of all—he would marry her, and then show her! A man could do what he pleased with his own woman.

There were those terrible seasons to be guarded against in which he remembered that a time would come when he must go back—back to the mountains—to everything. Liquor alone could help him fight them; and now he began as soon as he was out of bed, so that no hour of the day was a really sober hour; and he slept only when he was pretty thoroughly drunk. He forgathered with such dubious company of both sexes as the place afforded. And in Garyville, with none of the big city's means for cloaking these matters, for covering derelictions with the garment of obscurity, all this was flagrant, glaring—an insulting challenge flung in the face of decency.

Brother Polk Dillard could not ignore it. As for Don Goforth's looks, and his undeniable, brilliant talents, alas! these were only things which had to be swallowed, and which being swallowed—by Mr. Dillard—gave that shining light many a gripe in the region of an inflamed and hyperesthetic vanity. But the lad's worldly possessions were past criticism; they were an unanswerable argument, an irresistible persuasion. Therefore, during the second week of Adoniram's aberration, Dillard hastened to Garyville, where promptly, as by some uncanny tryst, he met the straying sheep lurching down its main street. Adoniram carried his liquor unsteadily; as some experienced man has said, he got drunk in the legs; but he attained unto a clarity of mind and fluency of tongue which opened to him vistas of delight, and made the judicious wary of crossing him.

"Don—Don Goforth!" ejaculated the Reverend Mr. Dillard, setting his solid bulk squarely in the other's rather vermicular course. "Whar air you a-gwine?"

The query might have had a spiritual as well as a material significance; young Goforth chose so to take it. "To the devil, Brother Dillard—straight to the devil!" he announced, head up, eyes looking into the preacher's shallow brown orbs, that blinked in surprised incredulity.

Now, in the curious unwritten code of the mountains, all light mention of the Prince of Darkness, or the abode of lost souls, is sacrilege. The Deity is freely invoked, and in every-day conversation. "Why in the name of God didn't you say so?" even the most religious will inquire, upon slight provocation; but he who mentions the devil or his kingdom is indeed blaspheming.

Mr. Dillard approached and laid hands upon the recreant. "You're a-gwine home with me," he declared; "that's whar you're a-gwine. You ain't fitten to choose your own walk now; but I'm hyer to pray with you and fur you."

Goforth started back, with the jerky ill-regulated movement of an intoxicated man, nearly upsetting himself and the benevolent Mr. Dillard. He laughed a curious, thrilling, bell-like laugh, and his eyes gleamed as he tossed the long locks off his forehead. "You're a-goin' to pray for me!" he mocked. "Well, Polk Dillard, the more such prayers as yours I have, the quicker I'll get to hell, I reckon. You hypocrite—you old, lazy, triflin' houn! Go home and pray for your poor wife and your miserable children, that has to put up with you."

Dillard stood, rigid with amazement. "What'll Delora—" he began. But the other flew round upon him fiercely.

"Delora!" he blazed out; "she ain't a-carin'! Delora's like one of them there angels in the Book of Revelations, gathering their white garments about 'em, and stepping high to keep out of the mud—that's Delora." And without another word Don thrust past his would-be rescuer, and continued his interrupted tacking.

Dillard would have condoned Adoniram's outrageous behavior to himself. Willingly would he have restrained him physically, led him home and put safely and decently to bed, not boyish folly, youthful inebriety—nay, the temporarily erring and incapacitated Wimbray place; the faulty yet amendable silent partnership in Frazee's store; the misguided, offending, ever lovely and desirable money in bank. But the prodigal would have none of him; and when Dillard learned later that Adoniram himself, with his rather unpalatable brilliant talents and good looks, was definitely divorced from all his worldly possessions, there was a clearing up in the atmosphere of the preacher's affections. His tenderness for the Wimbray place and the good investments remained sadly just as it had been; but that thing which he had denominated his paternal kindness and solicitude for Adoniram Goforth crept, shamed, out of sight; it fairly blew away before the wind of Mr. Dillard's virtuously wrathful snortings.

When the reverend gentlemen carried his news into the mountains, and into the ecclesiastical fold, it became evident that this would be another of the subjects upon which he and Elder Justice, the white-haired patriarch of the district, would sharply disagree: "I've saw young chaps drink too much liquor an' fool 'long o' cyards—an all sorts o' bad company—dance, an' cuss, an' backslide the wust kind. And I've saw 'em repent, git forgiven and return to the fold, and powerful little harm done—the Lord's mighty merciful thataway to coltish, foolish chaps. But a man's property—his farm, and his money, and his all! Who's a-gwine to forgive that back to him, I'd like to know?" And Dillard choked with the bitter rage of a slow heavy nature thoroughly roused.

"Hit's right where we two see things different, Brother Dillard," put in the kind elder. "In my eyes, the losin' of his property and his money is the very smallest of all the pore boy's sins. 'Pears to me you take a powerful earthly view o' this matter—for a minister of God. You think too much of a worldly loss—look like to me—and not enough of our young brother's soul, and how this thing's a-gwine to operate on hit."

While Adoniram raged in Garyville—seeking (as he conceived) depths below depths of iniquity in which to wallow; while the news came up daily, traveling by every trail where lonely hunters met, rifle on arm, upon every ox-cart, and wagon, and with every horseman; spreading itself all over both Turkey Tracks: a boon to those who lounged, ax in hand, upon the worm fence of the chip-yard, to spinners in the open porch, and grandams at the hearth, with no livelier company than a corn-cob pipe—Delora Crownover alone, of all those intimately concerned, had said nothing. Talked to and talked at, dragged excitedly this way and that way by her Uncle Polk and the high-tempered woman his wife—the second Mrs. Polk Dillard, with her round black eyes and quick-flushing round face—Delora had, for the most part, looked

down and answered respectfully, obediently, but evasively; she had answered not at all when this was permitted to her.

The awful possibility was ever present to Polk Dillard's mind that Adoniram Goforth, having spent his all, would come back and marry Delora—if he were permitted—and waste her little property as well. The girl's passive attitude made this seem alarmingly possible. And her uncle hastened to set on foot a movement to summon the prodigal before the congregation of Little Shiloh, try him, and cast him into outer darkness, unless he should show a most contrite and repentant spirit—a very unlikely supposition. Dillard's wrath was hungry. He desired to see Don Goforth stand within the little church of which he had been so shining an ornament, shamed, condemned, outcast.

III

THE message came to Adoniram down in Garyville upon a Sunday afternoon, by the hand of a friend so kind, so zealous, that he had walked all the miles from Little Turkey Track to carry it. The fallen one took it, read, gave one look about upon the crowd with which he had been consorting, strode up to the whisky jug, poured and drank down a liberal dram, and, with no word, plunged out and started for the mountain trail.

Just at the edge of town the way passed Judge Gillenwaters' big white house, sitting back from the road, with its orchard and gardens about it; and the Judge himself stood at the gate, pipe in hand, to enjoy the evening coolness. He had felt a personal regret over Goforth's behavior. This boy had come down to him—well, maybe a bit goody-goodish, maybe more than a bit of a prig; but certainly an upright, clean, promising lad. Now, if there was anything in what he heard, Don appeared to be in a very bad way; and the thing had happened too close to his own personality to leave him without a twinge.

So the Judge opened the gate, stepped through it, and when Don would have hurried past put himself in the way. Extending his hand to the younger man, he halted him with a hearty "Good-evenin', Mr. Goforth, good evenin'. I'm glad —" then, as the other still made to push past him, the natural query came out: "Where are you a-makin' all this haste to?"

"To hell! To hell, as straight as I can go!" came Don's stereotyped answer, in that high, ringing voice that used to lead experience meetings.

The Judge had seen more than one fellow break forth with a sudden crop of wild oats. Perhaps he had never known of an outburst quite so abrupt as the one under consideration, nor yet so energetic. But to the old man's philosophic mind this was not necessarily any reason why Adoniram's explosion should be more alarming than those others. Rather, he regarded it as the more hopeful.

"Oh, I don't know about that, Mr. Goforth," he said, in an amiably argumentative tone, and with a genial smile; "I don't know about this thing of going straight to hell. Anyhow, I believe I wouldn't start so soon, if I was you. Hell?" considering, "it's a place a man can always go to when he can't go anywhere else. Come in here," abruptly—"I got something to talk to you about."

Adoniram demurred. But the Judge had his hands upon him, and was not easily gainsaid. He drew his reluctant visitor through the gate, so on to a room he used as an office, pushed him into a chair, and began:

"I've been feeling mighty sorry about this here razee of yours—coming like it did; but do you know, boy, I'm not sure that I'm plumb sorry it happened at all."

Adoniram stared at the Judge in amazement. This was a strange way of talking.

"Looks like, sometimes," the elder man went on quietly, "it's mighty near a necessity for a young fellow o' your sort to turn loose—it appears that them that's dispositioned like you is jest about compelled to turn loose, once, to sow a small patch o' wild oats. And I'm obliged to think that the sooner a fellow gets at it, and the livelier he puts the thing through, the quicker he'll be done with it; and be done with it he will, sooner or later, if there's any good in him at all. We can't go along all the way through our lives the kind of good little boys that you was when you came down here—ready to teach your betters and your elders—"

Adoniram was already sober. At this keen thrust his pale face crimsoned deeply and his eyes fell. When the liquor died out in his brain, it left him ever in the clutch of a titanic despair which had, to his thinking, the one merit of spurring him to a very madness of courage, since he could not conceivably feel worse. "I've been in hell for a month," he said, in a low, monotonous voice.

"I reckon you've been to hell all right, boy; I reckon it's where every high-spirited human has got to go—once—to learn their lesson—to find out what's in 'em. You thought, a month ago, that you was mighty nigh perfect. I expect you've got up in meetin', many a time, and jest r'ared out on sins that you knew nothing of. Well, you know something about 'em now. But you're not going to stay in hell."

"Yes, I am. I'm going to the bottom of it. Last month I was a rich man—for the mountains. The woman I loved was promised to me. I looked forward to—to becoming a preacher—me a preacher!" The

last words came hard, and he stole a look at the Judge to see if he smiled. "To-day I'm a beggar. I haven't a friend on earth. The woman I was to wed would pull her skirts away to keep them from touching me. I'm a gambler and a drunkard, and I'll stay where I belong."

"You're not going to stay in hell," reiterated the Judge, with a sort of mild finality. "As to your being spoiled for the ministry, I don't think this here spree of yours is what did that, boy—I think the Lord did it when He made you. I've seen a good many heads and faces in my day; I think I know when I look in a man's



"Youall had no mo' sense than to set me up for a good man"

eyes, and see what shape God Almighty's finger molded his skull into— See here," he broke off suddenly, "do you know anything about phrenology?"

Adoniram gave a silent negative.

"Well, I do. D'y'e see that chart? I've studied that a heap. Now, you've got a Jackson sort of skull—Old Hickory's head was high and narrow, but not contracted above the ears." His fingers twitched impatiently; he knocked the tobacco from his pipe, laid it down, and slid those finger-tips into Don's thick hair. "Language, fine," he murmured. "Perception, reason—let's see up here. Ideality, sublimity—Lord, yes, I knew, before I felt your bumps, that you had the head of a jury lawyer. Young man, when you get done going to hell, and are ready to look around and fix up some sort of way to live on earth for a spell, you come and see me. I'd be glad to have you study law in my office. There's plenty of collecting and such like to be done there to make a good living, along, while—"

"Do you know where I'm going now, Judge Gillenwaters?" broke in the wretched boy, suddenly jumping



"Where he goes—I go!"

up as though galvanized. "Not spiritually, but on my two feet? I'm going up to Little Shiloh to be turned out. I've broke every vow I ever made in that church; I've outraged all I used to hold sacred; and I'm to go back and face—her—and to be turned out. And I crave to be!"

Gillenwaters perceived that the frenzy was still on the young man. Not yet could help or healing be accepted. Adoniram had not suffered enough to be

ready to mend patiently where he had marred recklessly. So the old gentleman clapped his visitor heartily on the back, bade him remember that a welcome always awaited him there, let him out the gate with his own hand, and stood watching the tall, sinewy figure breast the lower slope of Little Turkey Track. "Good timber," he muttered; "the makings of an uncommon fine lawyer and a statesman—when the devil gets through with him."

The faithful messenger, who had been taken unawares, soon came pattering along after that curious, stark shape, asking at first a few questions, complaining of the pace. But gradually the jackal fell into silence, and into the furtive watching of that strong, beautiful, marred visage, on which the sweat stood beaded, the dust and soil gathered, but where no color was; the eyes that looked on ahead, seemingly at other roads than this; the lips that parted once with an oath and once again in a laugh.

IV

THE evening meeting of Little Shiloh Church had been set for the casting out. Its session was well begun. Lights glimmered in its narrow space; a murmur—a diminished muffled sound—arose from its bent heads and softly shuffling figures; its close atmosphere was stirred by many eager breathings; when the door flung open to admit a great gust of dewy night air, and—Adoniram Goforth. Silent, ungreeted, he stalked up the aisle, head high, eyes apparently unseeing, and they drew away from him and whispered, as might the rustics of old before the face of one who had seen a nymph. He sat down in his accustomed seat, his head still flung up like a buck's at bay, and gazed about defiantly, yet vaguely. That month had told heavily. The boy was many pounds thinner than when he had gone down to Garyville four weeks ago. His face looked lean and pinched, and startlingly blanched; the eyes were sunk far back under those deeply domed brows of his, and below them were black circles so heavy as to be ghastly on the dead-white visage. The long black hair thrown back from his forehead gleamed with the sweat of that toilsome climb.

The preacher looked and saw—not so much the sinner, the insolent youth who had treated his own personal dignity with contumely, as the wilful and unrepentant squanderer of that wealth which should have covered him—Polk Dillard—with a garment of vicarious dignity; and his wrath swelled mightily. He was to make the accusations, which meant that they would be full of the bitterness of personal rancor; that they would be sweeping enough to cover not only Goforth's downfall, but to prejudice his future. Polk Dillard did not mean to leave a shred of that penniless lover who might repent and claim his niece; and as he went on with his arraignment, Elder Justice evidently felt the impropriety of certain statements, for he stirred uneasily in his seat, as though he would fain have interrupted his colleague.

Don scarcely listened; again his sunken eyes swept the congregation, seeking one whom he did not find. When Mr. Dillard paused, more from exhaustion than because he discovered any end to his subject, the young man rose slowly and looked over the assemblage. But it is doubtful if he saw the faces upon which his gaze rested. Nature was nigh done; his flagging pulses drummed retreat. He began to speak, and the house hushed itself to a breathless stillness. It was a new voice, this. Here was not the ringing trumpet call that had once been the prophecy of greatness in the pulpit for Adoniram. The tone was low, vibrant; an inner voice—if one may use the phrase—which seemed to come through chambers of introspection. His manner of speech was changed; the scriptural forms and images always so familiar to his tongue were gone; it was strange—it was almost shocking—to those listening, that Adoniram Goforth should, standing in a church, addressing a meeting, fling out sentences so bald, so graceless, so almost uncouth, for the house of God.

"I've been gone for a month," he began. "Where have I been? In hell—in hell with the damned!"

The curious, hushed voice, a thing apart, went on: "I've found out about myself; I love to gamble; I love to be drunk. A man told me—and it's true—I'm jest my daddy over again. Youall had no mo' sense than to set me up for a good man. God made me for a devil. I never had no say-so about it. A devil he made me for—and a devil I'll be!"

If the elder had seemed disposed to break in upon Polk Dillard, he was now even more distressed, more desirous of interrupting the accused, in these wild, desperate, unseemly utterances. "I wouldn't say them things, Adoniram," he appealed at last. "You'll speak to-night what you'll be mighty sorry for to-morrow."

But the young man turned on him with a sort of sombre fury. Here was something that really reached his heart, as his failure to find Delora's face among the women had already done. His voice rose. "You'll tell me to hush, will you? Twenty-two years I've lived among youall with this wickedness boiling in me. I didn't know it, and you didn't know it. We've both found it out. And now you've called your meetin' to cast me forth. But that ain't enough; before I go, Polk Dillard, he can get up and brand me, and shame me, and try his best to shove me down a piece on my way to hell! And I mustn't answer. I must say nothin'—take it civil and go. Well, I'll go." (Continued on page 28)



THE UPLIFTING OF

How Scientific Methods of Growing, Curing and Blending

ESPECIALLY WRITTEN BY

UNCLE SAM'S SMOKING OUTLAY last year was nearly \$300,000,000. It included over 7,689,337,207 cigars. We have led in tobacco-growing since the day when tobacco was used as currency in Virginia. To-day we raise just six times as much as our nearest competitor, Russia, and one-fourth the world's whole crop.

This is big business. Do you wonder that Congress has been liberal with appropriations to study and improve tobacco-growing? Experts work on it constantly. Especially on cigar tobaccos, because they are our largest import item. Every improvement in domestic cigar leaf keeps money at home and builds a big home industry bigger.

So there are government lectures to growers of cigar tobacco, government soil analyses, government bulletins on fertilizers, seeds, insect pests—even a government testing machine at Washington that automatically smokes hundreds of cigars daily to determine quality.

TO IMPROVE OUR DOMESTIC CIGARS, everything pertaining to their manufacture from seed and fertilizer to finished product, has been studied over and over, again and again by experts. Results have been obtained in better crops, in finer workmanship. But until a few years ago a curious gap arose between crop and factory to depreciate the finished product.

Under a system long followed our cigar tobacco went, at precisely the most critical point in its development, into the hands of middlemen often inexperienced in handling tobacco.

The planter had raised a superior crop. The manufacturer was waiting to make it into cigars. Between them stood the old-fashioned packer and jobber upon whom fell the work of curing, ripening and aging.

Now, less is really known about these details than of any other stage in tobacco production. Closest scientific analysis can only show that curing, ripening and aging are delicate chemical changes, like the aging of fine wines, and that the utmost care is required in the process. Yet this process was left to men whose methods were, in the words of a United States government bulletin, "largely a matter of chance."

Their process was haphazard. It varied, and was never controlled. In some cases ripening was overdone, in others underdone. The highest qualities of the raw leaf were not brought out, and there was no uniformity.

While the experts of Uncle Sam's agricultural department were making their experiments, these problems of tobacco growing, curing, aging and manufacture were also receiving attention independently from the American Cigar Company. This Company's position as the largest manufacturer and distributor of cigars in the world, its enormous consumption of leaf tobacco, its many famous brands, its highly paid scientific specialists, made it not only possible to gather information as widely as the government itself, but to do what even the government could not do. For where Uncle Sam had to stop short with bulletins and recommendations of better methods for curing cigar leaf, the American Cigar Company was able to act directly upon reforms.

THROUGH A SERIES OF EXHAUSTIVE TESTS the American Cigar Company's experts analyzed every type of tobacco from all parts of the world. They tested every method of growing, harvesting, handling, curing, grading, fermenting, blending and manufacturing—and studied the effects of each.

When it became clear that all future progress in cigar manufacture depended upon bridging the gap that lay between planters and factories, that gap was filled.

The methods found to produce the best results, and the experiments which proved valuable, and the discoveries which these experiments disclosed, led to the construction of a great system of field warehouses where the raw leaf could be cured under conditions of temperature and humidity parallel to that naturally existing in Cuba, everywhere recognized as the ideal "tobacco climate."

Next, a system of "stemmeries" was added, to take the leaf after it left the field warehouses. In the "stemmeries" provision is made for sorting the tobacco into hundreds of grades, and then subjecting it to an entirely new process of *blending*.

These "stemmeries" of the American Cigar Company represent the only equipment of this nature in the United States.

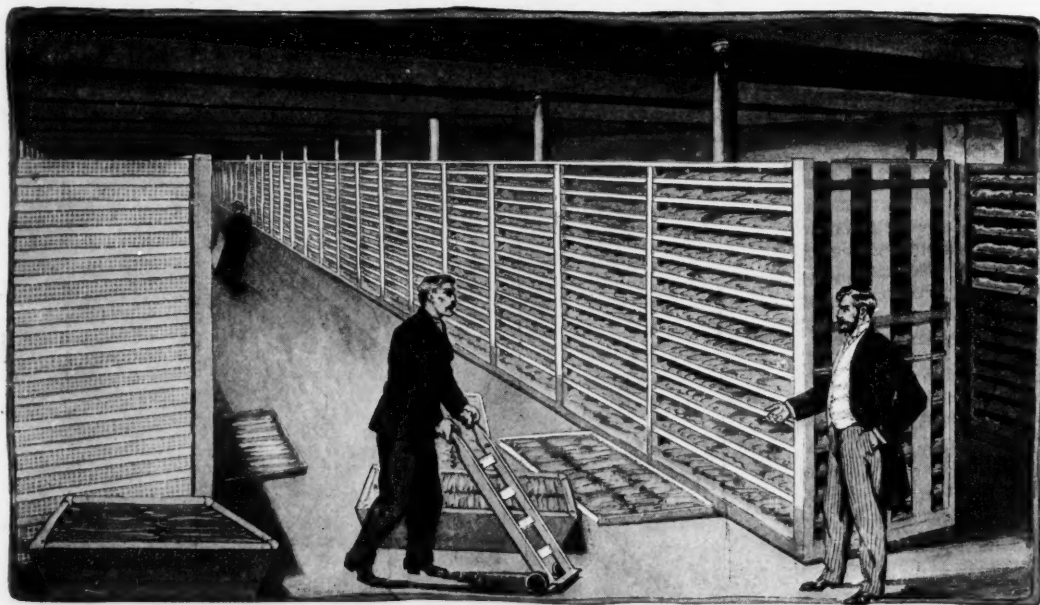
THE BOUQUET OF A CIGAR depends on its blend. A cigar made entirely from tobacco grown in one district, for example, will lack the piquancy of true bouquet, even when the leaf is properly cured. The old-fashioned packer cured, by haphazard methods, tobacco from only a few farms, as a rule. When such leaf came to the cigar-maker he made a rough blend by rolling several varieties of leaf into the same cigar. But this was only a "tobacco sandwich" at best. The next cigar he made was probably quite different in its mixture. Thus the lack of uniformity in the quality of any one brand of cigars, whatever

the price. There was no way of being *exact* until the American Cigar Company found one.

In the American Cigar Company's "stemmeries" a very different process is employed. Such tobacco, coming from the field warehouses perfectly cured, is combined in large quantities, and then stored in rooms where the climate of Cuba is exactly duplicated. Here it remains for months—for years, if need be—the different varieties of leaf thoroughly intermingled. It ripens, it ages, gains smoothness and savor, and forms a true blend by long contact.

The American Cigar Company's far-reaching organization, and its importance as the largest purchaser of cigar leaf in the world, brings to its warehouses not only the choicest of each crop, but a range of different types that could never be assembled under old conditions. The Company's immense production of all classes of cigars consumes the entire output of the best plantations in Cuba. Its leaf experts know every acre of tobacco land in the United States, and watch the progress of each crop from week to week. Its factories produce millions of cigars of every grade, from the cheroot that sells at one cent to the domestic perfecto that costs a quarter.

Under such a system not only the choicest leaf is controlled, but even the cheapest stogie contains choice tobacco. What is rejected in



Drying Process in one of the Great "Stemmeries" of the American Cigar Company
Here the cured leaf goes through another refining process of "drying" in a constant warm, humid atmosphere scientifically approximating the ideal climatic conditions of Cuba.



A GREAT INDUSTRY

Tobacco Leaf Have Revolutionized the Cigar Business

RICHARD WARD SNOWDON

the blend for a famous panetela can be utilized in a cigar of less cost, and yet give the latter finer material than any manufacturer could put into it under a less comprehensive plan of operation.

These scientific processes have improved the domestic cigar at least 100 per cent., giving a "mellowness," mildness, freedom from bitterness and a developed fragrance in 5c. cigars, for example, which were by no means common even in the 10c. cigar a few years ago.



Selection of Leaf Filler. Another "Stemmer" Process of the American Cigar Company

The leaf is kept in trucks, the different "blends" in different compartments of the "stemmers." It is many times sorted and graded, and each grade assembled in trucks by itself.

Company are good enough judges of human nature to appreciate the fact that meritorious service is the best and most permanent foundation for commercial success.

If they give better cigars at lower cost than can be given by any other manufacturer, they secure, by perfectly logical and common-sense methods, what is virtually a franchise from the public to supply it with its cigars. A franchise based upon *public preference* is stronger and more enduring than any that can be secured by legislative enactment, and it is this sort of franchise, obtained in this way, that the American Cigar Company seeks—gaining success by deserving it.

Cigar smokers know what they want. Taste is constantly improving, demanding better goods all the time. There is no way of forcing people to purchase any brand of cigar which does not appeal to them on its own merit.

From the beginning, the entire force of the American Cigar Company's organization and equipment has been devoted to the problem of improving cigar quality and lowering cigar cost.

THE UNMISTAKABLE IMPROVEMENTS thus brought about have been demonstrated to the smoking public with ever-increasing emphasis by the appearance of brand after brand of cigars selling at 5c. possessing a superiority which has made them instantly popular and permanently successful. These are of different brand-names and of different characteristics, but are all marked with the "▲" (Triangle A) merit-mark and possess the fundamental qualities of fragrance and matured "ripeness" for which the "▲" (Triangle A) always stands.

This "▲" (Triangle A) is the American Cigar Company's merit mark. Behind it is the entire power, knowledge, energy and organization of this great corporation.

The American Cigar Company believe that the possession of the largest equipment, organization, resources and business ever known in the cigar industry, binds them to a public duty to give the public the best cigars possible to make. Furthermore, it is good Business Policy. The men at the head of the American Cigar



The Wire Screen Drying Trays in an American Cigar Company's "Stemmer"

Cigar leaf is very fragile and tender and must be handled with great care. Throughout all the preparatory processes the temperature is kept at exact degrees.

The smoker is safe in accepting the "▲" (Triangle A) mark, wherever he sees it, as an invariable and positive guarantee of the following cigar qualities:

FIRST—Freedom from "rankness" or bitterness, due to the new processes of ripening which develop the full fragrance of the leaf.

SECOND—Uniformity of quality, obtained by exclusive methods of grading and blending which substitute accuracy for the old style haphazard tobacco-mixing.

THIRD—Smoothness, "mellowness" and fragrance obtained through scientific processes of ripening in the blend for two years before manufacture.

FOURTH—Slow and even burning, due to the care and supervision exercised in the manufacture of cigars and in the use of thoroughly ripened tobacco.

FIFTH—Perfect condition—if the dealer has done his part. Cigars in boxes marked with this "▲" (Triangle A) are in perfect smoking condition when delivered to the dealer—thoroughly matured. It is his part to keep them right—yours to insist that he does so.

The products of the American Cigar Company's various factories include every variety of cigars—from the little cigar such as the "Royal Bengals" at 10-for-15c. to the highest type of "Seed and Havana."

No one cigar is expected to suit all tastes.

The leading brands of the American Cigar Company are distinguished by this "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark, just as a soldier is rewarded for superior merit by the Victoria Cross.

Among the "Triangle A" brands each smoker is sure to find the cigar he wants. The list is so long that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned here:

The New Crema (Victorias), Anna Held, George W. Childs-(Cabinets), Buck, Spanaflora, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola. The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club. The Unico, Benefactor, Cap't Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock, Orlando. And the Palma De Cuba, Isle of Pines.

"Triangle A" brands offer the widest obtainable range of choice and absolutely dependable quality in whatever brand suits your taste.

The American Cigar Company has in many cases reduced the cost of long-established brands. But in every instance, by its magnificent organization, the brands bearing the "Triangle A" have been immeasurably improved in quality and dependability, and without so much as a penny's increase in cost per hundred to the consumer. It is imperative, therefore, that every intelligent and fastidious smoker take the pains to look for this "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark whenever he buys cigars. It is the smoker's guarantee that he is obtaining the *cleanest, the least expensive and the highest grade goods that America produces in a luxury in which she leads the world.*



The "Triangle A"

which distinguishes all cigars benefiting by these modern methods of manufacture



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THE CASTING OUT OF ADONIRAM GOFORTH

(Continued from page 25)

The elder laid a detaining hand upon the young man's arm. "Brother Goforth," he began, in deep, faltering tones, "I—can't listen to sech wild talk as this. This meeting was called too soon." He cast a reproachful glance at Dillard. "Our people don't believe that God made any soul to be lost. You can backslide—the Lord knows we all do that!—and you can climb up again." The big voice dropped to a very winning note; the fine old face was working with strong emotion. "Oh, son!" (leaving the more formal tone) "you're mighty young. Fo' weeks is a mighty little time in a man's life. Face around; turn yo' back on it, and the Lord will forgive you."

He drew back from the old man's touch. "I tell you nothing can save me!" he cried in a voice sharpened by agony. "I had every chance on earth that a young man could have. I've turned my back on God. I want to go—I don't want to be saved!"

After all, Adoniram was just a very weary, very forlorn young creature; a boy of twenty-two with his first great struggle upon him, the despair that follows reckless defiance already cold at his untried heart, the havoc he had wrought confronting him, his ruin brought roundly home to him—and Oh! cried his warm, quick, approbative nature, not a kind face among all those hostile, condemning countenances; Oh! groaned the ardent, hungry soul, not one that loved him in all his angry, alienated, outraged world.

Delora; she had never even pretended to care for him. The thought of his mother—they had been everything to each other throughout his boyhood—came back to him now with an agony of loss and longing that was not to be suffered. He could have wept aloud. But the cord was stretched past all outcry, all resonance. It was mute at length, well-nigh ready to snap. Now, in the intense stillness there came once more that flurry of sound from the dusky corner over the women's side. A voice panted:

"Let me—Adoniram!" Followed, the noise of a sharp slap. The voice cried "Ah!" choked again, there was a brief struggle; then a form fled swiftly up the aisle, and Delora, breathing in sobs, was beside Don where he stood, pilloried, clothed upon with disgrace, blighted—yet strangely alive, and human, and man, in his fall.

A crimson splash was on one pale cheek, where Mrs. Polk's final argument had been published in vain. Her broad womanly breast rose and fell stormily and her deep eyes swam. Yet when her voice came it was quiet as ever. Putting her hand in his, lifting it and clasping it against her breast, she said aloud to her uncle:

"You'd better turn me out, too, whilst you're a-turnin' out Don; for where he goes—I go!"

In the momentary hush of amazement that followed, Delora edged around and drew Adoniram, stunned, passive, after her, down the aisle, between the wondering faces. Dillard would have restrained his niece by force, had not Elder Justice laid a hand upon his arm and spoken low but authoritatively in his ear. The aunt from her place upon the women's side cried shrill invective, calling upon Delora's Uncle Polk to confirm her, while a babble rose among the sisters about.

As the young creatures reached the door, Mrs. Polk, despairing of husbandly support, made her own terms: "Then go! But don't you never step yo' foot in my house and yo' Uncle Polk's house no mo'—you hyeah me?" screamed the furious woman.

From the threshold where she stood, Don's hand yet clasped upon her breast, Delora made answer: "Yes, ma'am, I hear you. You shall have yo' ruthers. Good-by. Good-by, Uncle Polk. I'll stop a-past and git my things."

Her soft eyes swept the ranks of lighted faces, in some of which shone pity, in some mere curiosity. "Good-by," she repeated, evidently speaking to Shiloh Church collectively. "Me and Don has been members here together, an' we're turned out together. Ef you can't speak well of him, pray ye never give me a good word." And they stepped from the door-stone into the cool, friendly dark.

V

OUT in the silent night, with its balm of healing, Don's tall figure leaned tremulously upon his companion. His head swam; exhaustion was at hand. Behind them Mrs. Polk contented herself with glaring—the other women were talking now. Dillard's voice followed them above the unseemly gabble, with: "Good-by, Delory. I hope the good Lord will forgive you—even as I do."

"Go back, Delora, whilst yet you can," Don began in a broken voice. "I ain't fit for a good woman to touch. I was born to be wicked."

The girl was leading him by the hand toward the Rev. Mr. Dillard's home. "I reckon you're just the same you was a month ago," she said. "Only ye need somethin' to eat mighty bad—an' I've got it for ye, honey."

A groan sounded in the darkness, and Don's hand wrenched itself free from her clasp and went up over his face. "The same! Delora—you don't know what you're a-sayin'. You don't know this man you're a-talkin' to—where I've been and what I've been doing—an', O Lord! where I'll go again and what I'll do again. You don't know what's been in my mind and my heart—toward you! I've gambled away what I had. And I'll never give it up—never—whilst there's breath in my body. Do you want to be a drunkard's wife?"

"I want to be yo' wife," answered Delora simply; and a shock passed through the stumbling, trembling man she led. "I aimed to go with you, Don—if so be you'd have me—" She glanced up at him sideways, timidly, pleadingly. "Don't ye love me no more, Don?"

"Delora!" Don's eyes were fixed eagerly, incredulously upon the figure stooped over the bundle. "O Delora! What—what made you come, honey? Did you—do you—did you want to come with me—me? Is it—O Delora!" as the girl stood suddenly at her full height and turned toward him, "Ah-h-h!"

His arms went round her; they clasped her wildly, desperately. A great sob tore its way up from his heart, shaking her fair head, that lay upon his breast. For the face lifted to his was the face of his hopeless dreams. He had found her at last. Here was his Delora, her eyes two lamps of love, shining full into his, her trembling mouth raised to the kiss of his famished lips.

For a long moment the two young creatures clung so, heart to heart, wordless, held above their past with its grief of misunderstanding, the future which already waited with its questions.

"I—I just never knowed ye at all, till now, Don. You're mine now—mine: an' I've got ye a nice supper in thar—pore boy! An' we'll stay down to Cousin Ab Prewett's that's a-livin' on my land—till—O Don, I love—"

Her full voice trembled into silence; a smile of exquisite human tenderness finished for her. She took his worn face between her hands and kissed him—Delora, the loth—Delora, the unapproachable! The girl's rarely moved, rich nature was broken up, stirred to its depths; and she must needs pour out its wealth of garnered sweetness upon the lover who had hungered vainly for it in the days of his self-sufficient prosperity.

"I'm a-gwine with ye, Don, whar'soever ye go. Whatever's for you, I'll share it. Ef—" her look yearned upon him—"ef you've got to drink—"

Don caught her shoulders, and held her from him an instant, his eyes opening wide, with a curious blank look. "To—to drink?—drink!" he echoed vaguely. Then the light of remembrance, of comprehension, flashed over his countenance; he gathered her upon his breast once more, his hand laid over her cheek, his face thrown up above her head, and laughed out abruptly, with full-hearted delight, then sighed, a sigh of utmost content.

"Drink!" he repeated, softly. "What on earth would I ever want to drink for?"

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With your first order for one of our \$10.00 Made to Order Suits, we will give you an extra pair of \$5.00 pants, also a fancy vest and suit case as a premium to help us introduce our clothing. You get

THE WHOLE OUTFIT FOR ONLY \$10.00

We make these suits to order from strictly all-wool fashionable cloths cut, tailored and finished in the very latest style. If a suit made by us is not exactly as claimed or if you find a single thread of cotton in the cloth from which we make our \$10 Suits you may keep the Suit and we will give you

YOUR MONEY BACK

We have customers in every state of the union now wearing our \$10 Suits, why not you?

Remember,

an extra pair of fine worsted stylish \$5.00 pants, also a fancy-dress vest, and a patent suit case, goes with every suit. All for only \$10.00 and your money refunded if not satisfied.

Write for free samples, fashion plate, tape and measurement. Address

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Reference: Royal Trust Bank. Capital and surplus, \$900,000.

The "Two Minute" Safety Razor

will convince any man, in just two minutes, that it is not only a safety razor, but has points of merit which make it

The Best Safety Razor

Try one and it will prove—That the blade corners cannot cut and slash the face as they do on other safety razors. That the blades have an edge which far outlasts the edge on any other thin blade. They have the double bevel—like the barber's razor—that's the reason. That the blade holder is as easily washed and wiped as a dinner plate. That there are no parts to rust and that there are not a lot of parts to take apart and put back every time the razor is used. The blades can be honed and stropped. But we sharpen dull blades for next to nothing, so no one need stop or hose unless he wants to. Liberal exchange offer on blades.

Razor Complete. With 24 Sharp Blades, In Handsome Leather Case, \$5.00

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Shop Office No. 24 Adrian, Mich.

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APPEALS TO MEN OF FINE HABITS IN DRESS.

Is particularly elegant and easy-fitting. It is made of the remarkably elastic Spring Needle fabric, which is knitted on machines of our own invention and manufacture, and is the result of 12 years of experimenting on the part of the manufacturers who alone possess the secret of its wonderful elasticity and durability. This peculiar elasticity is the source of the utmost comfort and satisfaction. All genuine Cooper's Spring Needle Underwear bears our trade mark. Ask your dealer for Cooper's and insist upon having it or you may get some other kind purported to be "just as good."

Cooper's Underwear from first to last maintains the same rich, silky feel, and easy, comfortable and natural fit.

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\$220 UP

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are warranted in "Western" launches. We want to send you our **Free Launch Book** showing 50 pictures of engines, boats and parts proving why an amateur can master our marvelous launches in a few hours. COMPLETE, \$220 UP. 6 miles an hour or faster. Your family is safe in a "Western." Information on racers or cruisers on request. We deliver quickly.

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Guaranteed most serviceable, comfortable, attractive chair for Porch and Lawn use ever sold at this remarkably low price. Will stand all sorts of weather. Solidly constructed of genuine white hickory with bark on. Seat 18 ins. long, 16 ins. deep; height over all 40 ins. Price \$1.75, freight prepaid east of Miss. River. 150 other styles of chairs, settees, tables, etc., \$1.50 up.

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EQUITABLE BANKING AND LOAN COMPANY, Macon, Georgia

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If she will keep her skin clear and rosy, smooth out the wrinkles, round out the angles, and take away the double chin with Pompeian Massage Cream, no one can tell her age by her looks.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

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This is the jar the druggist sells for home use.



WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE SAMPLE

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POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
3 Prospect Street Cleveland, Ohio
Both men and women like Pompeian Massage Soap, a toilet article of highest grade. For sale everywhere

This is the jar the barber buys.



He Never Had YOUR Chance

In this man's day there was little chance for the chap who started out in life as a workman with no special education. He was foredoomed to work for small wages until finally disqualified by old age.

With you it is different. If you are not getting ahead as you should in your chosen occupation, the INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, with their modern system of training by mail, will qualify you in the higher branches of that occupation. In other words, the I. C. S. will give you the special knowledge for which managers and superintendents receive large salaries. The coupon below—the sending of which costs but a two-cent stamp—is the first step toward making

YOUR Success Certain

If you are just about to enter an occupation, I. C. S. training will ground you thoroughly in every principle of it, thus qualifying you at the start for a desirable position, with unusual opportunities for advancement. If you have been unfortunate in choosing a calling that is uncongenial, the I. C. S. will qualify you for one suited to your tastes and ability. To learn how this can be done in YOUR case, fill out the coupon.

You do not leave home to grasp this opportunity—the I. C. S. comes to your home. You do not leave your present employment, unless you leave it for something better. You do not make any sacrifice whatever, and a way will be found to help you, no matter what obstacles may seem to hold you back.

Remember that this offer is made by a great educational institution that is world-famous and recognized by the educational authorities; an institution with over \$6,000,000 of capital; an institution that has brought success to thousands and thousands of people who had no chance otherwise. Will you fill out the coupon and learn without cost how it can help YOU?

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Window Trimmer	Surveyor
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Unseasonable weather never troubles an Amatite roof.

Amatite lasts for many years and needs no painting, coating nor repairs.

This seems almost incredible, but such is the case.

Once properly on your buildings (and it is so easy to lay that any man can do the work), you can absolutely forget about it.

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All the information that you could desire, in the form of a booklet, together with a free Sample, will be mailed upon request to any one wishing to know more about this famous roofing. Address our nearest office. **BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY**, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Allegheny, Kansas City, New Orleans, Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Boston.



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Use This Basket 30 DAYS at Our Risk
If your hardware dealer does not have Hawkeye Refrigerator Baskets, send us his name and we will ship you a basket to try. Pay for it if it "makes good," otherwise return it at our expense. We've had just two baskets returned in 4 years.



The **Marlin** Baby Featherweight Repeater. A new high-grade .22 caliber repeating rifle which weighs only 3 pounds 10 ounces!

But this gun is no toy. It is a new and business-like rifle. It combines all the good old **Marlin** features—solid top, side ejection and simple mechanism—with the newer sliding forearm action which is so easy to work without spoiling the aim.

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It is an ideal squirrel rifle and can be relied upon to get all the killing power there is out of any .22 cartridge in hunting any sort of small game.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct. A complete description of this little rifle is given in our 1906 Catalogue. Sent FREE for six cents postage.

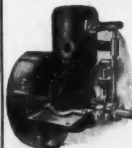
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Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World

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of the Sanitary, Economical

Use it

YOU GET IT (THE WATER)

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Coolers made in six sizes and to fit any bottle, finished in white enamel trimmed in gold, and nickel. For office or home. Price \$6.00 to \$12.00. We will send one of our water coolers to any reliable person. You may use it 30 days!

If perfectly satisfactory, remit for same; if not better than any other water cooler you ever saw, return it at our expense.

Note advantages:
Water cannot become contaminated even if impure ice is used. Water flows directly from bottle to faucet through coil of pure black tin and is cooled in transit. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

NOTE.—Our cooler is covered by broad basic patents, and we are now prosecuting vigorously several infringements.

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Coolers delivered f. o. b. Chicago and New York

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Makes Boys & Girls Healthy

Recommended by physicians. Strengthens the spine, back and shoulders. Develops every muscle in the body. The "physical culture" that relieves bowel troubles, and makes weak lungs strong.

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and animals. A fascinating work for Men, Women and Boys. Quickly learned in your own home. Cost low. 15 complete lessons—Standard methods. Satisfaction guaranteed. Save your fine specimens. Decorate home and den. Big profits for spare time. Write for full particulars, fine catalog and taxidermy magazine—all free, send today.

THE N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERM, 5-Y St., Omaha, Neb.

SAN FRANCISCO RISING AGAIN

(Continued from page 20)

ance as well as in spirit. It will look like a huge Dyca, Skagway, or other frontier town set alongside modern wharves and adjoining a line of fine residences which were saved from the fire. It will be a place of fierce and primitive activity with no room for idlers. A vast amount of business will be crowded into a small space while the walls of permanent buildings are rising over temporary quarters.

The labor required to restore three hundred million dollars' worth of stocks and furnishings will make her a magnet for the restless and ambitious who seek an opportunity where conditions are not cut and dried. If a part of the enterprising population is driven away, more enterprising units will come to take their place. The content with climate and surroundings which has made 'Frisco more indifferent than her Pacific Coast rivals will be succeeded by the spirit of Chicago after '71. A certain native-son pride which did not welcome outsiders—and outsiders made Seattle—may welcome them hereafter. Possibly also the railroads running into San Francisco may awaken to the fact that the more population there is the more business will accrue to them. I should not be surprised to see the advertising man's prophecy fulfilled, and a city of a million souls by 1915. It will take more than one great earthquake or great fire to kill San Francisco. She will rise again for the same reason that she rose before; for the same reason that the pioneers coming oversea set up their shacks and stores on a peninsula jutting into a splendid harbor; for the reason that she is the natural site of our Western gateway to the Pacific.

"THINGUM THINGUM THEE!"

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

I

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up,
O hear those bugles blow!
The hunt is up, the hunt is up
And a-hunting we will go!
But I must lie here thinking, and it's
crutches then for me,
For I broke myself to pieces over big
countrie.

II

I heard My Lady's golden voice,
I heard My Lady say,
"I'll ride Sweetheart to-morrow, Blois,
I'll ride Tonnerre to-day—
And you shall ride beside me, Mister
Thingum Thingum Thee,
For I think you'll prove agreeable
over big countrie!"

III

And now they've found the belling
hound,
He bells the hunting pace,
And horns and voices leap to sound
The music of the chase—
But all the world I care for is with
Thingum Thingum Thee,
And there's quite a little wire in the
big countrie.

IV

He's warned her of the wire, and
He's warned her at the brook,
His eyes are catching fire, and
She flings him look for look—
Says she: "By all that's holy, Mister
Thingum Thingum Thee,
You're the most delightful party in
the big countrie."

V

Now I'm without maliciousness,
As any man will say,
But there's a kingdom of distress
Within my heart to-day—
And I hope by all that's hopefulest
that Thingum Thingum Thee
Will break his blasted neck across
the big countrie!

VI

It's swimming deep at Ruin Ford
And ditched is Connel's Farm;
O keep her brute from falling, Lord,
And shield my love from harm—
I'd rather see her married unto
Thingum Thingum Thee
Than to have her come a cropper over
big countrie.

VII

But now above the yapping dogs
I see the creature rise;
There's blood upon his hunting
togs,
There's triumph in his eyes—
Say, would she rather have that brush
from Thingum Thingum Thee
Than from any other fellow in the
big countrie?

VIII

I heard My Lady's golden voice,
I heard My Lady say:
"It's Sweetheart for—forever, Blois,
I've killed Tonnerre to-day—"
And then I heard a swish of things
and in the door stood she,
With the mud and dust upon her of
the big countrie.

IX

She stood, and held the brush on high,
And thus she stayed awhile—
The tear was glistening in her eye,
But on her lips the smile—
Said she: "You won it, by a length,
from Thingum Thingum Thee!"
Then My Heart and Soul went riding
in the Big Countrie.

The Two-Cycle Elmore



FIVE ELMORE REASONS WHY

FOUR-CYLINDER \$2500.00, THREE-CYLINDER \$1500.00

The Elmore is the simplest car in the world. Other cars with their many additional parts demand constant attention, more skill in keeping adjustments perfect, are more expensive to maintain and do not give as desirable results.

The Elmore's reliability in self-starting has made it famous. Throw the switch and you move without jerk or jar. Which do you prefer: the pressure of a finger or vigorous cranking?

The Elmore has shown its ability to negotiate heavy sand and stiff roads on the high gear better than other cars of even greater horsepower, because of the frequent and steady impulses of its celebrated Two-cycle motor. And it has an

intermediate gear for unusual conditions that is almost as fast.

The Elmore's control is perfect, its torque is constant instead of spasmodic, therefore the power is better and it runs much smoother when throttled down than other cars, thus giving longer life to every part.

The Elmore's simplicity brings maintenance cost to the minimum. We possess sworn testimony of individual owners that on the last forty or fifty cars sold by one of our largest agencies, the average monthly cost with an average of ten months' use was under \$2.20. The figures also prove that the longer an Elmore is run the less the cost of maintenance.

Write for catalogue

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DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogues illustrating and describing every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.

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can always be uniform if you use Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. The original. Especially prepared as an infant food. Send for Baby's Diary, a valuable booklet for mothers. 108 Hudson Street, New York.—Adv.

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Gertrude Atherton in "The Aristocrats" gives some of the most beautiful descriptions of the scenery in the Adirondack Mountains that have ever been written. In her book you get a glimpse of the ideal camp life in that glorious region.

For a copy of "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them," which is No. 20 of the New York Central Lines' "Four-Track Series," containing a fine map of the Adirondack Mountains and adjacent territory, with useful information in regard to hotels, camps, lakes, rivers, etc., send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, Manager General Advertising Department, Room 185 Grand Central Station, New York.—Adv.

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The .32 and .38, 5 shot—44 6 shots—double action SMITH & WESSON revolvers are fitted with automatic shell extractor and rebounding lock. This perfect alignment of cylinder and barrel, insuring the maximum of accuracy, is found only in SMITH & WESSON Revolvers.

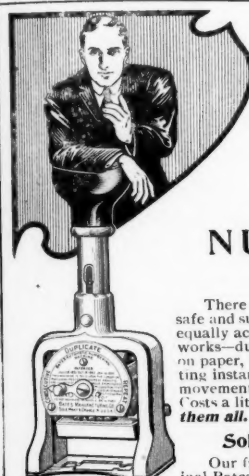
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are the thoroughbreds of the revolver world. They're absolutely and always dependable, yet built on lines of grace and beauty, light, and trim and neat—a gentleman's arm.

SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are a tested assemblage of tested parts—tested for accuracy, efficiency and range—and proven to possess a degree of infallibility worthy the dependence of life.

The only high grade, efficient desk and pocket revolver made.



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BATES Automatic Hand NUMBERING MACHINE

(Made only at Orange, N. J.)

There are any number of reasons why you should use it. It is an absolutely safe and sure machine for operating numerical systems. Calls for no thinking. Is equally accurate in the hands of the office boy or the skilled clerk. Has enclosed works—dust and dirt proof. Figures are cut from solid steel and print directly on paper, not through gummy ribbon. Has a perfect dial adjustment, permitting instant change from consecutive numbering to duplicate or repeat. (Other movements furnished to order.) Prices vary according to number of wheels, etc. Costs a little more than inferior machines but there is no repair item. *It outlasts them all.* Made only at the works of Thomas A. Edison, Orange, N. J.

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The Brooks System consists of exact size printed paper patterns of every part of the boat—with detailed instructions and working illustrations showing each step of the work—an itemized bill of material required and how to secure it.

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